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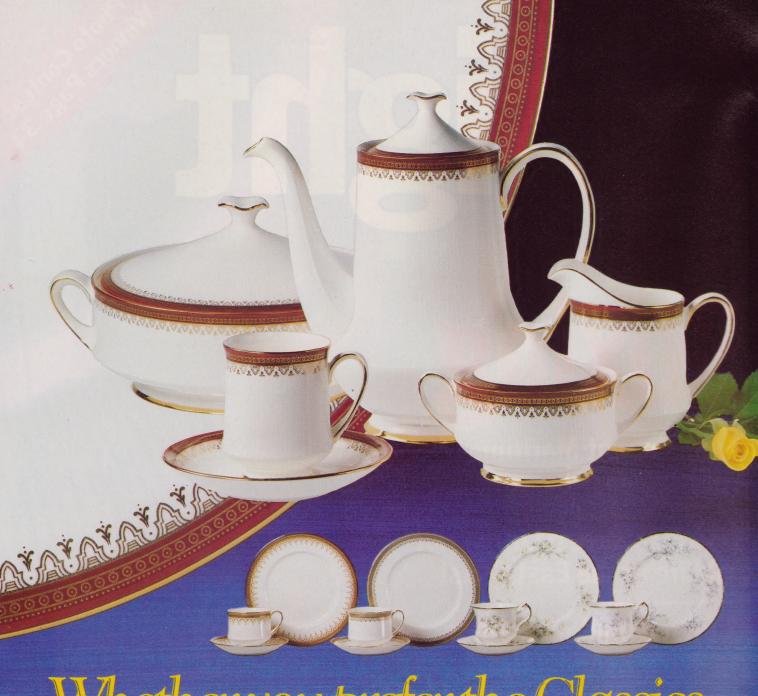
A prison built on politics opens in Renous, N.B.

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Business: making knives in Pictou, N.S.

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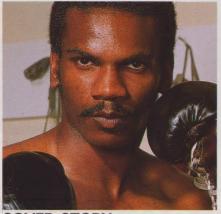
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NOVEMBER 1986 Vol. 8 No. 11



COVER STORY

Boxing in the Maritimes has come down a long way from its days of glory when some boxers — Yvon Durelle, Buddy Daye, Blair Richardson — were virtually household names. Ricky Anderson, in our cover photo, remains an enigma to most people in the fight game. Beset by declining attendance, dissension within the sport and bad luck — what is the future of boxing? PAGE 30

COVER PHOTO BY STUDIO STILL LIFE



SPECIAL REPORT

When Atlantic Canada's new maximum security prison opens in Renous, N.B., in February, it'll be but another chapter in a story of political finagling that reads like a comedy of errors. Critics charge that it will not meet the needs of the correctional system but was built instead to create jobs. Some say it's failed to do even that.

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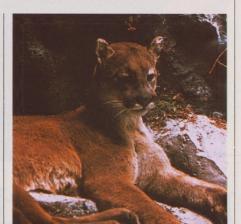


PANT









WILDLIFE

The eastern cougar is only one of ten endangered species of animals in Atlantic Canada. Plants are also on the list of wildlife that's suffering from pollution and human encroachment. Biologists and private conservation groups are pushing for improved government legislation, but will it be too late?

PAGE 40



FOOD

Children love to cook — almost as much as they enjoy eating what they make. Cookbooks today are compiled with children's tastes and abilities in mind and are the starting point for a session of family fun in the kitchen with Liz Crocker and her daughters, Catherine and Susan.

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Insight into our industrial decline: a new museum's task

was in Saint John a few months ago with an architect friend from Toronto who has long had an interest in the history of Canadian cities. Saint John is remarkable among Canadian cities for its wealth of 19th-century commercial buildings — banks, warehouses, stores and the city market. Walking along its downtown streets, you know that this was an important and highly developed city when places like Calgary and Winnipeg were still frontier outposts.

As we drove to St. Andrew's, he asked why it is that the Maritimes were never able to develop a real industrial base.

I was surprised by the question. The idea of the Maritimes as an underdeveloped, have-not region is so strong particularly elsewhere in Canada that few people are aware that we once had quite a different status as a highly developed industrial region. Saint John was, at its peak, one of the three largest and most powerful commercial cities in North America. Those classic heavy industries — iron and steel — eagerly sought by developing countries were very well established in Pictou County, N.S., and in Cape Breton. We had a firm grip on the supply of the key energy resource of the period, coal. But after the First World War, the Maritimes began going the wrong way down the development street. While other countries and other regions of Canada were industrializing, we were doing the opposite - we were deindustrializing. We went from having a strong private sector, with a major presence in primary and secondary industry, to a region with little secondary industry and troubled primary industries.

What bothered me was that I could recount these facts, but I couldn't answer the obvious question: why? Why did the Maritimes de-industrialize? Why did our steel mills fail to modernize, and fall behind those of Ontario? Why did our textile industry lose ground to Quebec? Why did our glass factories disappear?

I was reminded of this conversation recently when I learned of plans for an industrial museum in Stellarton, Pictou County. To be called the Museum of Industry and Transportation, it's a \$9.6-million federal-provincial project due for completion in 1989. Work on the site is scheduled to start next spring.

Candace Stevenson, director of Nova Scotia's impressive network of 23 provincially owned museums, explains that a museum of this type has been a priority of the provincial museum board since the mid-'70s. Nova Scotia has museums dealing with many aspects of the province's history, but nowhere is there one which properly reflects the province's industrial past, a past which is known to most of us not from books or from what we learned in school but from personal and family histories.

The museum is being built in the right place. Pictou County was a dynamic, growing industrial area at the turn of the century, and it recorded many technological firsts. Today, of course, the story is completely different. Little is left of the area's former prominence in key industries. Now, even the long-established Hawker Siddeley railway car building operation in Trenton is shutting down.

People are at work planning exhibits and displays for the new museum. It will be easy to fill it with artifacts from the glory days of Maritime industry, and to boast about the many firsts that were recorded by our engineers, inventors and entrepreneurs. Doing so is vital, but the real challenge the museum staff faces is to provide answers to the key question: why did the Maritimes lose ground as an industrial area? Of course it's important for our pride and our sense of potential to understand the region's past achievements. But it is equally important to understand what went wrong - how we lost our industrial position.

I hope that the people responsible for the new museum will face that challenge head-on. Visitors should come out of the exhibits and displays with an understanding of why it is that the surrounding area of Pictou County — and the rest of the region — became a have-not part of Canada. The long decline of our basic industries is as important a part of our past as the golden period of development and innovation

By taking this approach, the museum staff can create much more than a place to celebrate our past achievements. They can help us understand our position today, and see what we have to do in order to right the imbalances in the way Canada is now organized economically. It's an understanding which we in Atlantic Canada badly need, and it's one we should be sharing with other Canadians.

- James Lorimer



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FEEDBACK

Insight prepares a would-be traveller

I am an immigrant from the U.S.A., a Canadian citizen, retired in this mountain hamlet, and very much enjoy Atlantic Insight. I have never been east of Winnipeg, but during the summer of '87 or '88 I will drive and camp my way to the Maritimes and Newfoundland and become acquainted with my eastern compatriots. Atlantic Insight is preparing me very thoroughly for this trip and I will be much more able to look and to listen.

> Walter M. Mast Cadomin, Alta.

Artistic activity at Mount Allison

Robin Metcalfe purports to speak of Atlantic art today in his article Beyond Magic Realism, Atlantic art's new directions in your August issue. I am appalled at the lack of research by Mr. Metcalfe on the current artistic activity of Mount Allison University and Sackville. There is enough happening here to merit more than the invariable reference to Colville and brief mention of David Silverberg. After all, Alex Colville left Mount Allison in 1963. The assumption that artistic life at Mount Allison ended with the departure of Colville and Mary and Christopher Pratt is false and does a serious disservice to the vital community here which is very much a part of the new directions in Atlantic art.

To fill you in on information so sadly lacking in this article, Virgil Hammock became head of the fine arts department when Lawren P. Harris retired in 1975. During his nine years as head, Hammock made substantial changes to the program, establishing majors in sculpture, photography and lithography in addition to the programs in printing, drawing, intaglio and relief printing. Hammock is a critic and artist with numerous articles in Vie des Arts and other publications. The present head is Thaddeus Holownia, a photographer whose exhibition Dykelands was circulated extensively in the Maritimes in 1984. In Dykelands and in work-in-progress, Thaddeus documents the landscape of Atlantic Canada with a large format camera.

Tom Henderson, sculptor and faculty member since 1975, has had recent oneperson exhibitions at the Owens Art Gallery and the Confederation Centre and his works have been purchased by the New Brunswick and Canada Council art banks. Ted Pulford, an influential teacher and watercolorist retired from Mount Allison in 1980. As his replacement, I have exhibited at various galleries in the last four years. In March I completed a commission of two large kinetic sculptures for the main hall of the Canada pavilion at Expo 86. A major program in lithography which started in 1984 is taught by Dave Bobier, a sculptor and printmaker.

Many graduates of the fine arts program work and exhibit in the Atlantic Provinces, such as Stephen Scott, Fredericton; Gillian Bond, Moncton; Pat Schell, Saint John; Stephen May, Fredericton; Alice Neel, Halifax; Paul Miller, Halifax and Pat Morris Henderson, Sackville - people who "are neither bound nor influenced by a single school of thought," to use the article's words, and are certainly part of the new directions in Atlantic art. Over a dozen graduates have received awards from the Greenshields Foundation in the past ten years, others have had scholarships at the Banff School of Arts, in New Zealand, Germany and Holland, or go to Toronto or other parts of Canada to work.

That Mr. Metcalfe was unaware of any of this information and apparently made no attempt to find out calls into question the credibility of his article and

Atlantic Insight.

Rebecca Burke, Associate Professor Fine Arts Department Mount Allison University Sackville, N.B.

Enlarging on the software industry

As a former product manager at ForceTen Enterprises, I disagree with the basic reason suggested for its problems, and am disappointed with the accuracy of the information in the article Pots of gold in the software trade: they don't exist (Sept. '86). Although I can't argue that developing software in Atlantic Canada is without difficulty, I would like to offer a few clarifying points.

During my employment with ForceTen from February '84 to November '85, I was not aware that Mike Edwards was employed by ForceTen. He may have been employed at MCL, ForceTen's

ancestor.

ForceTen developed products for farm mutual insurance organizations, dentists, small- to medium-sized manufacturing companies and training organizations. None of these potential users could afford systems that "sold for a million dollars a crack." The only software product in that league was the telephone billing system which was developed at MT&T by MT&T employees over a ten-year period prior to the establishment of ForceTen Enterprises.

ForceTen failed for many reasons. On a scale of one to ten, I would give a ten to the fact that MT&T, which owned about 75 per cent of ForceTen, never understood the business. With potential high rewards came high risks. MT&T's strength was not in risk management. Competitive threat was a new concept to a company that simply appeals to the public utility board for higher rates when its profits shrink. Location of the company on the other hand deserves a one on the same scale.

The article demonstrates a lack of research into the local software development industry. Small two-to five-person firms do not develop most of the customized software used by businesses in the Atlantic Provinces. I certainly can appreciate Jim Haliburton's frustration trying to market his "Beancounter." But I suggest that the real problem is ignorance not location. Knowledge of marketing, correct choice of supporting computer technology, competitive pricing, welldesigned advertising and packaging and viable distribution mechanisms would severely diminish the negative impact of being located in Atlantic Canada.

I applaud Mr. Haliburton and ForceTen for at least attempting to break ground in an industry other than agriculture, forestry and fishery. We need more of the "I see no obstacles, only opportunities" attitude coupled with marketing skills to export software or any

other product.

Chris Branch, President Focus Integration Services Halifax

Huskies are not like snowmobiles

In the Newfoundland and Labrador provincial report, Dumping the snowmobile - Labrador's husky dog revival (Sept. '86), you gave a most interesting overview of the husky dog scene in Labrador, and in the main, an accurate one. A few clarifications, however, are in order. The comment about "hundreds of dog teams in Labrador" is misleading; in fact, there were more dog teams owned by white settlers than by Inuit simply because there were more white settlers and the dog was the primary form of winter transport for all coastal people, not "some white settlers." These dog teams were not primarily husky but, as in northern Newfoundland, any large capable dog, with more huskies as you moved north. While I agree with the statement that they do not make good pets, it is not because of the danger of being bitten. I (and my children) bear a few scars from the dogs, but nobody was ever deliberately bitten — wounds were gained in attempting to break up fights, where the dogs bit, indiscriminately, anything within range that could constitute a threat - somewhat like sharks in a feeding frenzy

I feel your heading "Dumping the snowmobile" to be hyperbole, and uninformed at that. The function of the dogs is different — somewhat like a canoe and a speedboat. With dog drivers the trip is more important than the destination, at least nowadays. Nobody who burns wood today would bother to keep dogs to haul wood because the snowmobile is so vastly superior for this purpose. I think the "husky dog revival" you speak of topped out about five years ago, and, while a few small teams will remain I doubt you will see any significant increases in the future

- more is the pity.

John McGrath Happy Valley, Labrador



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MARTY: You mean the Far East, don't you Ron? CHUCK: We fly all over the U.S. and Europe too!

FRED: Don't forget Canada. GENE: Who can forget Canada?

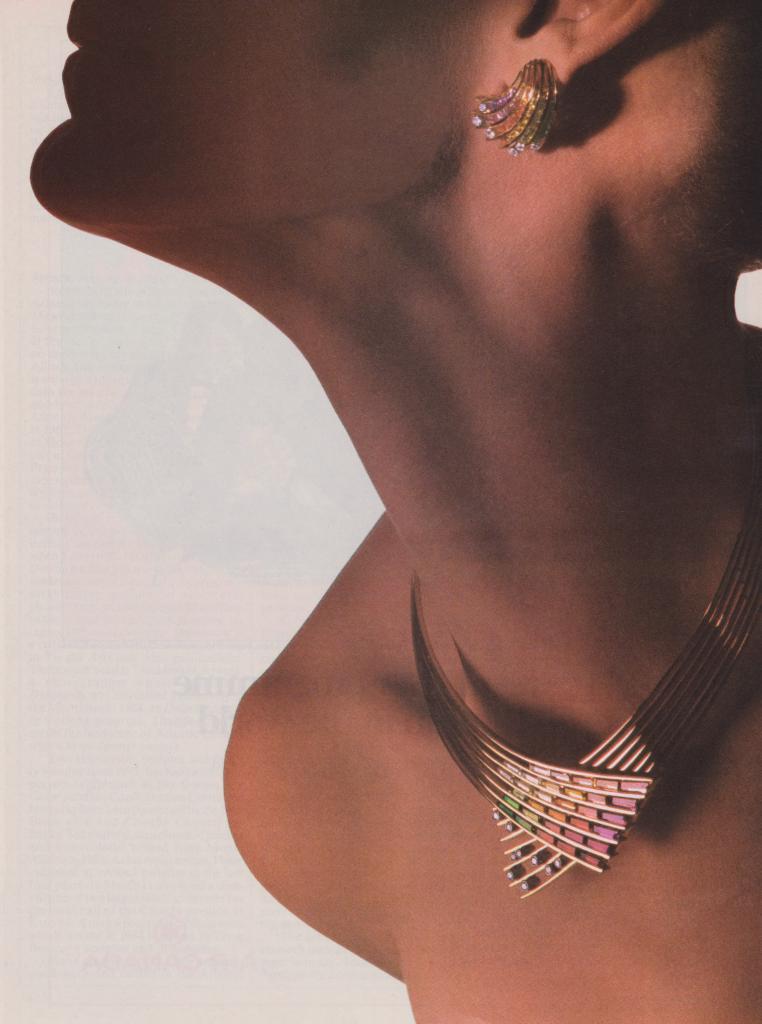
BRASS: (SINGING IN UNISON) Oh, Canada.

CHUCK: Every time we tour, we rack up miles with AeroPlan. MARTY: So we keep playing concerts and let the miles accumulate.

FRED: Why don't we fly to Jamaica and catch some sun?

Jah mon. Dig de Reggae roots. GENE: And leave our manager behind?!! BRASS: (IN UNISON) AeroPlan. We love it!





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Waiting for the Tories to crumble: a Liberal's vigil

After a decade in the wilderness the Nova Scotia Liberals, with their new leader, Vince MacLean, are back in public favor. Is it on their own merits, or because the government's in trouble?

hen the polls finally turned in favor of the Nova Scotia Liberals this past summer — just months after their leadership convention — some wondered whether it was because of the new leader or despite him; whether Vince MacLean had managed to put a new face on the party, or if instead the polls reflected the mounting problems of the

ruling Conservatives.

Most observers tend to think it's the latter: with offshore drilling shutting down, the provincial debt rising and other difficulties, the government is in everdeepening trouble. But whatever the cause, the Liberals now have the wind in their sails for the first time in nine years. A midsummer poll commissioned by the Halifax Chronicle-Herald showed them favored by 28.5 per cent of the electorate, the Tories by 19.5 per cent and the New Democrats by 16.3 (28 per cent were undecided). This confirmed an earlier private poll by the Liberal party itself which, at the last election, barely hung on as the official Opposition, winning only six seats in the 52-seat legislature. The NDP won three.

A Conservative party official dismissed this summer's poll — by Omnifacts Research Ltd., an Atlantic region market research and public opinion polling company — as part of a campaign by the *Chronicle-Herald* to discredit the government because of its failure to bring the deficit under control. The newspaper's attacks are themselves a significant development, and bad news for the Tories. The *Chronicle-Herald* has been known for almost never criticizing governments, especially Tory ones.

The government's problems are gravy to MacLean as he moves to rebuild the party, which he's doing with apparent success. The party's membership, which had slipped to a low of 16,000 last fall, has bounced back to nearly twice that number and MacLean is looking for 50,000 members by election time, which could come as early as next year.

But the party is broke, as MacLean himself admits. He's begun a fund-raising effort to clear debts of more than \$200,000 left over from the lavish February convention that had a lot of people wondering about the Liberals' capacity to handle budgets. MacLean has

rebounded with some cost-cutting within the party, including moving its provincial office from a downtown Halifax bank tower to less expensive quarters nearby.

The 41-year-old former history teacher from Sydney was something of a political prodigy when he was first elected in 1974. At 29, he was the youngest Speaker ever in a Commonwealth parliament. He later held the lands and forests and environment portfolios. As the junior member in the cabinet of then-premier Gerald Regan, MacLean became known as a tough and sometimes unyielding minister.



MacLean's Liberals are first in the polls

Today MacLean admits it was a combination of extreme youth and plain fear that made him appear rigid and somewhat

arrogant in the legislature.

In his Cape Breton South riding, which includes most of the city of Sydney, he's known as a good constituency man with a strong local following. This was demonstrated when the Liberals fell in 1978. MacLean won his seat with the second highest number of votes in the province — after the newly elected premier, John Buchanan.

In 1980 he ran for the leadership and lost — an event he remembers now as possibly the lowest point in his life. At the time many Liberals considered him immature and hot-headed.

In this year's leadership campaign his style contrasted sharply with that of his

only opponent, Halifax lawyer Jim Cowan. While the affable Cowan, a political novice but well acquainted with the back rooms, asked the party to help him formulate policy, a supremely confident MacLean brandished a 29-page booklet entitled "Nova Scotia...Setting the Course." It outlined his views on the economy, education and health care. "I'm not a person who likes to lead from the rear," he says.

His views include the notion that Nova Scotia is no longer directly tied to the traditional sectors of fishing, forestry, mining and manufacturing and that the future is in an economy focused on the marketing of knowledge and skills — a theory that might be difficult to sell, especially in his political base of Cape

Breton

In health care, he wants a provincewide home health care delivery system. There'll be a health care crisis, he says, if the current trend towards institutionalization continues. In education he wants more attention paid to those who slip through the school system without the ability to read and write.

His harshest criticism of the government is on the debt, which has now passed the \$3 billion mark. "Fiscal responsibility must be restored or we won't be able to maintain our social programs," he says.

MacLean has assumed a more polished and well-tailored look since winning the leadership. And he recently acquired a townhouse near Citadel Hill for his wife Natalie — a Sydney schoolteacher — and their two children when they visit him in Halifax. It's also expected to mollify critics within the party who wanted a Halifax-based leader.

The Halifax-Dartmouth metropolitan area is key to the Liberals' chances in the next election. "The Conservatives won by biting into Liberal strength in the metro area," says Dalhousie University political scientist Peter Aucoin. "The Liberals were running third here but now they ap-

pear to be first."

The Omnifacts poll showed the Conservatives third, and the NDP—the wild card in provincial politics—holding their own as the party of second choice in Halifax. NDP chief of staff Dan O'Connor says the NDP is actually stronger in the metro area now than in the last election when party leader Alexa McDonough retained her seat and the party made a strong run at the Tories in several constituencies. If the NDP support is indeed holding up, it means that Tory support is defecting heavily to the Liberals.

Vince MacLean says that, given the small number of seats the Liberals are starting out with, it could take more than one election to dislodge the Tories. But many observers are less cautious. If the economic news doesn't get any better, and if the polls hold up, MacLean could well be premier after the next election.

PROVINCIAL REPORT NEW BRUNSWICK



A "mouldering mountain": Moncton confronts its garbage

Moncton may be the only city in Canada with its dump in the middle of the urban area. Trouble is, getting rid of it is easier said than done

by Carol McLeod

The seagulls love it. To them, the
95-acre dump on the north bank of
the Petitcodiac River in the centre
of metropolitan Moncton is just one
big takeout.

But the 16,000 people who live across the Petitcodiac in the suburb of Riverview see things differently. To them, the 66-foot-high pile of garbage is a monument to the city of Moncton's poor urban planning. "It's absurd," says Riverview town councillor Dave Cudmore. "I don't know of one other metropolitan area in Canada with a dump right in the middle of it."

Cudmore, a former mayor of Riverview, has been fighting to have the sanitary landfill site closed since he entered municipal politics in 1977. Back then the dump — which opened in 1965 — had spread 4,000 feet along the river and had started retracing its path, growing higher all the time. With more than 70,000 metric tons of refuse deposited there every year, it didn't take long to create what many Riverview residents call "the mouldering mountain."

It's a mountain they can't turn their backs on. In order to cross over to Moncton where most of them work and shop, they must travel along Riverview's main thoroughfare, Coverdale Road, which runs parallel to the river and to the southern face of the dump. Then they swing onto the causeway, which provides a view of the dump's western face, or to the Gunningsville Bridge, which passes the dump from the east.

The people most directly affected, however, are those in the scores of middle-and upper-middle class houses that overlook the site. One resident of Riverview says that for 21 years she has seen nothing across the Petitcodiac but blowing litter and a growing heap of earth streaked here

and there with garbage spewed out by the truckload. "It's the ugliest mess you've ever seen," she says. "You can't smell it, but that's only because they add to the pile by covering the garbage with fresh fill. It certainly doesn't enhance the value of my property."

Real estate agents agree. Although they refuse to quote figures, they generally acknowledge that houses with a view of the dump are "priced to reflect that fact."

Many residents of Riverview also worry about possible health hazards and were outraged to discover that asbestos — a hazardous waste — was deposited in the site about two years ago. The asbestos remains, but according to the provincial department of health it's properly sealed and buried and doesn't represent a health hazard.

However, the view expressed by S. Boyd Anderson, a Moncton city councillor, is a common one in the area: the trouble with the dump is "primarily the aesthetic and social impact on the community."

Until earlier this year, it was mostly Riverview's problem. Residents of Moncton itself were shielded from the view by a natural rise that runs parallel to the site. But now mounds of garbage creeping up on the ridge are clearly visible from the west end of Main Street. And, as the garbage rises, more and more rats are seen in the area.

"I chased one up the street one day," recalls Boyd Anderson, referring to an incident that took place this spring when he was campaigning in a comfortable Moncton subdivision that is, at its closest point, only about 300 yards from the dump.

Some officials of the city of Moncton now admit that locating the dump on the banks of the Petitcodiac, at the southern boundary of the city proper, was poor planning. Twenty-one years ago, however, the site seemed ideal. The clay bank reduced the chance of contaminants percolating into the groundwater, while the site — about half a mile from the heart of downtown Moncton — was close enough for ready access but low enough to be out of the city's view.

As for opposition from the other side of the river — there wasn't any. Riverview didn't even exist at the time. The four bedroom communities that would amalgamate to form the town in 1974 — Bridgedale, Gunningsville, Coverdale and Riverview Heights — stretched along the Petitcodiac for almost 15 miles with a combined population of only 4,000.

For a while, city engineers operated the dump in relative peace. Then, the burgeoning population of Riverview started complaining about growing piles of garbage. It took years of protest by Riverview town council, but the city of Moncton finally agreed this spring that the landfill would not exceed its present height. That's when the heap started to move horizontally, bringing it within view of Moncton's west end.

The obvious solution is to close the dump, and Moncton Mayor George Rideout has stated publicly that his council is open to suggestions about a new site. The provincial government has also become involved, partly as a result of a recent report by the New Brunswick Environmental Council, which called for a reduction in the number of landfills in the province. The government has invited representatives from numerous communities, within a 25-mile radius of Moncton, to form a commission to find and, ultimately, operate a common landfill site.

But Anderson cautions that action may take anywhere from two to five years. Personally, he says he doubts that the provincial government has the political will to burden businesses and individuals with the increased costs — estimated to be three or four times present levels — of transporting refuse to more distant landfills. And, he adds, "Just finding a new location is a major task. Buying land will be expensive and no one wants a dump on their doorstep. Putting it in the middle of nowhere makes the cost of trucking the garbage just too high."

The discussion goes on and, meanwhile, seagulls feast and residents of Riverview fume as truckload after truckload of garbage is hauled to the Moncton dump. "It's the most incongruous thing I've ever seen," one Riverview businessman says. He points out that Moncton has spent \$10 million on a water theme park (an amusement park scheduled to open next summer) and \$10 to \$20 million revitalizing the downtown core to lure people into the city. "But what's the point?" he says. "One of the main entrances is through Salisbury, down Main Street and right by the working face of the dump. That really must leave tourists with a great impression."

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PROVINCIAL REPORT NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

The world's best trout stream — in downtown St. John's!

Newfoundlanders tend to be indifferent to it, and some of it is polluted, but the network of streams through St. John's has the highest concentration of brown trout in the world

hazy, warm evening in August beside the Reflecting Pond in St. John's: a kingfisher swoops out from the rushes, dragonflies flash over the water, a family of black ducks paddle past, and water-striders leave faint tracings. Just behind, masked by alder and willow, is the Health Sciences Centre, a St. John's hospital. On the far side

of the pond, cars roar by on the Prince Philip Parkway. A fish leaps, breaking the calm surface of the water into concentric ripples. Another leaps, then another. John Gibson opens his fly tin, lined with a scrap of ancient felt trilby. "I'm putting on a Blue Zulu, and a Wickham's Fancy and a Green Wells Glory," he says. He casts with perfect accuracy, the line snaking along the surface. Two minutes later he has one,

and reels in a 25-centimetre brown trout, shimmering with gold speckles.

Reflecting Pond is part of the network of streams, waterfalls, ponds, ravines, rivers, riffles, rapids and pools which form the natural drainage system of St. John's. The brown trout which proliferate there give the city a unique and little-known, though precarious distinction.

Gibson and his friend Dick Haedrich, both fish biologists, have made scientific counts in the city's streams — some of which are no more than a metre wide and a few centimetres deep. They already knew the fishing was good, but not precisely how good.

"Our results were astounding," says Gibson. They established a world record — up to 63 times as many trout as in an average good trout stream. "A trout utopia," says Gibson.

When John Gibson emigrated from England in 1958, he got off the boat in Montreal carrying an umbrella and a flyfishing rod. He worked in fisheries research institutions around the country before arriving in St. John's in 1978, where he now works as a research scien-

tist for the federal department of fisheries and oceans and also as an assistant professor of biology at Memorial University.

In St. John's Gibson has found am-

ple use for both his fishing rod and his umbrella. The high all-season rainfall and relatively warm winters of eastern Newfoundland, together with the absence of competing and predatory freshwater species like pike and perch, help to make the area an excellent home for the salmon family, which includes trout and char. And it's inside the city that the fishing is best of all.



Gibson calls the city's waterways "a trout utopia"

In half an hour Gibson catches two more trout. "I think they're committing suicide tonight," he says. "They're fussy at this time of year — they don't usually take the fly in such calm conditions. If there was a ripple on the water I'd be catching twice as many." Once, on a visit from England, Gibson's brother caught eight browns in ten minutes. Gibson says that, actually, his brother "finds it cheaper to come over here" than to go to Scotland to fish because of the fees. In Britain, high fees make fishing a sport for the wealthy. But in Newfoundland, fishing licences for non-residents are only \$40 for salmon and \$10 for trout (residents pay nothing) and the catch limit is a hefty 24 trout per day.

Gibson talks about the "enormous tourist potential" but then, sadly, he points to a thin oil slick under the bank. "It's from a spill upstream. I don't know why they won't look after it." "They" are the developers and city engineers who, he says, do the damage, short-sighted politicians, and the bureaucrats and courts who don't enforce existing protective laws.

One hundred years ago this year, brown trout were first brought to the Avalon Peninsula from Scotland. Their amazing success in St. John's is made even more remarkable because of the numer-

ous acts of destruction which have been inflicted on the city's waterways. Little streams that were once pretty and productive are now straight channels in which trout can neither feed nor spawn. The streams take in domestic effluent, the runoff from storm sewers, industrial waste, bulldozed topsoil and rubble. They've been put underground, paved over and improperly culverted. Trout eggs are suffocated with silt, spawning beds are washed away by previously unknown flash floods, and banks are denuded of the complicated chain of plant and animal life essential to a living stream. And yet, the sections which have escaped the bulldozer and pollution still abound with beauty. And brown trout.

Near the Health Sciences Centre on the banks of Leary's Brook, Gibson lands a half-pounder. "To many Newfoundlanders," he says, "a fish is a cod. Even those who fish for trout usually prefer the brook or 'mud' trout, maybe because they associate the brown trout with polluted streams." The various species are very similar although, says Gibson, "I prefer the browns because they get bigger and are more difficult to catch...the record here was a 29-pounder!" In fact, even trout caught in polluted sections have been analysed and

given a clean bill of health.

Douglas Simms, a former chairman of the Salmon Association of Eastern Newfoundland, recalls that when he was a boy, "Three city rivers had salmon and sea-run brook trout. But sewer lines were connected into them and watersheds changed." Since the early 1970s most of the sewage has been put into separate lines but not all. In some places clear water abruptly becomes murky. "But we've made city authorities wake up," says Simms, noting that laws now prohibit development within 15 metres of the highwater mark. The laws are often contravened, but at least they're now in place. And recently all levels of government and the local salmon association have been funding schemes such as the Quidi Vidi-Rennies River Development: a walkway that now runs from Quidi Vidi Lake along the river, where a "fluvarium," or viewing tank — the only one on the continent — is to be installed on the bank so that people will be able to watch the trout spawn and feed, and see the under-surface life of a river.

The waterways have many supporters including Shannie Duff, the deputy mayor; Stephen Herder, publisher of the city's daily newspaper; Lieutenant Governor Dr. Anthony Paddon; and the boy scouts, who took 65 two-ton truckloads of garbage out of one section of river. But for every advance there is a setback. Recently a storm sewer spewed a gush of ammonia into the lower reaches of Rennies River; 1,600 dead trout were found in a one-kilometre section. "The worst kill we've ever had," despaired Gibson.





For people with a taste for something better.

PROVINCIAL REPORT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Controversy on a new campus: the vet college opens at last

After a painful gestation, the Atlantic Veterinary College was born this fall — and was promptly blasted for its "discriminatory" tuition fees. Is the college destined to be dogged by controversy?

by Kennedy Wells

The new Atlantic Veterinary College,
which opened its doors in Charlottetown in September, seems fated to
live as it was conceived — in controversy.

Ever since it was only a gleam in the eye of Eugene Whalen, former federal agriculture minister, the AVC has been the subject of conflict. Even as the first class of 50 undergraduates enrolled, the college was under editorial fire from two of Canada's leading newspapers.

The Toronto Star and the Globe and Mail attacked the AVC in their columns because of a two-tier fee structure they were convinced was deliberately designed to discriminate against Canadians from outside the region: \$1,685 annually for students from the Atlantic Provinces, a staggering \$26,685 for anyone else.

"Parochial, protectionist and offensive to anyone who believes Canada is a single country," thundered the Globe. "Highway robbery," shouted the Star. Wincing under the criticism from

Wincing under the criticism from Toronto, P.E.I. Premier Joe Ghiz raised the issue at the Council of Maritime Premiers meeting a week after the college opened, and won agreement "in principle" that in future the fees would be the same for all Canadians, with the three Maritime Provinces sharing the extra cost. But the subject may return to trouble the premiers.

The backdrop for the problem is the 1983 agreement under which the AVC was founded. This agreement, drawn up by Ottawa and signed by the four Atlantic Provinces, calls for 41 of the 50 undergraduate places available annually at the

college to be reserved for Atlantic Canadians: 16 from Nova Scotia, 13 from New Brunswick, ten from P.E.I., and two from Newfoundland (which has only a very small agricultural sector).

The other nine places were set aside for students from outside the region, and it was Eugene Whalen's fervent wish that they go to Third World students, whose tuition would be paid through federal government aid programs. The project went ahead on that assumption.

But when the time came to allocate these places, the new Conservative government in Ottawa didn't share Whalen's aims. That left the P.E.I. government holding the bag for the nine seats at an actual cost this year of about \$100,000 each, an extra burden on its budget which the province felt it could not carry.

Faced with this bill, the Island government decided to set a tuition fee in line with charges at private vet colleges in the northeastern United States (there are none in Canada) and to make the nine places available to any qualified student able to pay.

Tuitions that high are unknown in Canada, where higher education is government-subsidized, and so no Canadians applied. But at least nine students from the U.S. were willing to pay and now are enrolled in Charlottetown.

The agreement in principle won by



Ghiz calls for the Maritime Provinces to share the costs of students from other provinces. But it was drawn up in a hurry, under the pressure of controversy, and left some questions dangling. For example, the Maritimes may share the cost of nine students from other provinces, but with nine entering every year, there'll be 36 within four years, thereby increasing the cost considerably. The Maritime governments are hoping that before that happens the federal government will step in with some cash. Ottawa now makes no direct contribution to the \$10-million annual operating cost of the AVC, although it split the \$42-million cost of building it.

If the college does become a bone of contention once again, it should be no surprise. That was its status for nearly a decade. In 1975, an independent commission appointed by the Maritime Provinces Higher Education Commission recommended that a new vet school be created on the UPEI campus. The establishment of a fourth Canadian vet school was originally Whalen's idea and Ottawa stood ready to pay half the capital cost if the four Atlantic governments agreed to share the other half. Three governments accepted the commission's recommendation, but Gerald Regan, then Nova Scotia premier, adamantly refused to participate unless the new school was built at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College in Truro.

There were times when the whole project seemed to be doomed. Governments

changed in Ottawa and the provinces. There were new ministers with new priorities and the estimated cost of the college soared as the years went by.

But in or out of office Whalen kept the faith, and when he returned as agriculture minister he renewed the pressure. In 1983, an agreement was finally signed, and in June of 1984 Whalen was in Charlottetown for the sod-turning ceremony — one of his last acts as agriculture minister.

Keeping the faith along with Whalen was Dr. Reg Thomson, now dean of the AVC, who had been appointed planning co-ordinator for the proposed college in 1979 after a career at the Ontario Veterinary College. Working with architects from the Webber, Harrington and Weld company in Halifax, Thomson designed the most modern veterinary college in North America, which has attracted a faculty of surprising distinction for a new institution.

The college is in reality a teaching hospital whose patients are animal instead of human. It includes treatment facilities for large and small animals, operating rooms, a pharmacy, diagnostic and teaching laboratories, radioisotope, electron microscopy and radiology departments, isolation and intensive care units, a postmortem department and housing for animals used for research and teaching—although most of these facilities will be complete only next September.

Unique to the college is its Fish Health

Centre. Deep wells supply large tanks in which water temperature and salinity are adjusted to provide a natural environment for species under study. Both the ocean fishery and the increasing aquaculture industry are expected to benefit from the centre's research.

The college also reflects the region's traditional devotion to harness racing with an indoor exercise track which allows an injured horse's gait to be studied. To encourage equine research, the college has received a "donation" probably unmatched in the history of Canadian higher education: Major League, a leading Maritime stallion, has been given to the AVC by the Canadian Trotting Association and his stud fees will be used to support research.

In all, even before it opened the AVC had received more than \$1 million in research grants and contracts and will make its presence felt in Atlantic agriculture well before the first class of veterinarians graduates in 1990.

Its faculty and facilities are expected to be a valuable resource to vets already working in the region. Dr. Gary Morgan, president of the Canadian Veterinary Medical Association and a practising vet in O'Leary, P.E.I. says, "The new college will mean access to improved diagnostic services and to expert consultant and referral services. Its contribution to continuing education for working vets and the resources provided by its library will be tremendous."

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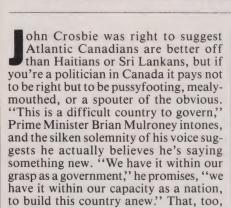


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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

The sins of John Crosbie



But Crosbie, poor Crosbie, he actually uttered something that had a touch of thought, something that was as true as Romeo's love for Juliet, and the outcry was such that you'd have thought he was Benedict Arnold, Vidkun Ouisling and Tokyo Rose all rolled into one. What exactly was the treason he committed against his fellow Atlantic Canadians?

has all the originality of a Xerox machine,

and therefore it inspires no one to say

nasty things about Mulroney.

On September 2, during a coffee break at a conference in Moncton on economic development, Crosbie said he regretted the imbalance in economic conditions from one part of Canada to another. He acknowledged the fact that someone living in southern Ontario has a big advantage over a Cape Breton Islander, but he did not approve of it. So far, so what?

But then he was so rash as to suggest that Atlantic Canada was a have-not region only when you compare it to other parts of Canada, the U.S., and other in-dustrialized countries. "We are not a have-not area compared to Bangladesh,' he continued, reasonably. "We are not a have-not area compared to Haiti, and we are certainly not a have-not area compared to Jamaica." Indeed, he continued, Atlantic Canadians were "1,000 per cent luckier" than the folks in many Third World nations: "We shouldn't always be looking at southern Ontario. It's very healthy occasionally to look at Haiti, or Sri Lanka...and then we're 'very

Now I felt this was salutary stuff. Indeed, I had often thought, Thank God I don't live in a country where they shoot journalists who speak their minds, or the official penalty for getting drunk is death by stoning. With other journalists, I once toured much of the Far East. One of them was forever asking the locals, "What do you think of when you think of Canadians? What's your dominant impression of us?" The answer was always the same:

"You are very lucky." The salesgirl in a dress shop on the magical isle of Bali was a flower of paradise, if ever there was one. She looked at me, and softly asked, "Canada?" Yes. "Ah," she smiled. "Better there, better there?

But when John Crosbie, the minister of transport for Canada, said much the same thing in not-so-magical Moncton, Liberal MP Russell MacLellan (Cape Breton-The Sydneys) said he'd sunk to "a new low for insulting Maritimers." MacLellan also huffed, "It's little wonder Atlantic Canadians have been forgotten when the most powerful man in the cabinet from the region is only interested in keeping us one notch ahead of Bangladesh." This was a self-serving

The moment Crosbie says anything interesting we go after him like piranhas after a bleeding pig

distortion of Crosbie's remarks. He'd said nothing about keeping us one notch above Bangladesh. Awkwardly but earnestly, he had asserted, "Someone who lives in Atlantic Canada is a thousand percentage times luckier than they who are living in most of the rest of the world." This struck Liberal MP Dave Dingwall (Cape Breton-East Richmond) as such heresy that, he said, "I'm calling for the prime minister to ask for the resignation of John Crosbie?

Since MacLellan and Dingwall are Grits, it's their job to peck any federal cabinet minister's vulnerable parts; but Premier John Buchanan is a Tory, and even he felt obliged to denounce Crosbie's coffee-break ramblings. "Quite frankly," Buchanan said, "I think it was one of the most outrageous statements that I've heard in a long while?' Quite frankly, Mr. Premier, if what Crosbie said outrages you, then you are easily outraged. That, of course, is what this whole foofaraw is about: easy outrage.

The Halifax Chronicle-Herald's nose was even better than the politicians' at sniffing out the outrageous in Crosbie's casually spoken truth. Since he was Atlantic Canada's senior minister in Ottawa, his "remarkably condescending sentiment" would strike Maritimers and Newfoundlanders as "the most unkindest cut of all." The suggestion that the region was "not have-not" by Third World stan-



dards was, in the Chronicle-Herald's overwrought opinion, nothing short of "a disaster — a slap in the face to the pride and self-respect of his fellow far-Easterners...Offending that pride of place is something of which even a local

boy should be wary?

Leaving aside the fact that a Halifax paper spreads its net rather far by claiming a St. John's lawyer as "a local boy," the Chronicle-Herald's position seems to be that it is somehow unforgivable even to mention Atlantic Canada, and say, Bangladesh, in the same conversation. After congratulating Atlantic Canada on the depths of its roots, not in Africa, Latin America or Central Asia, but in North America, after describing Atlantic Canada's role in Confederation and its contributions "to one of the richest societies on earth," the Chronicle-Herald suggests that so highly favored a region cannot possibly have anything to learn from, ugh, "the bottom-most countries of today's 'Third World."

After all, these impoverished societies "are the victims of widespread illiteracy, subsistence economies, over-population, ethnic warfare, and, very often, corrupt and oppressive regimes kept alive by the lack of a political tradition of responsible government. Such grinding misery has no real bearing on the situation in, say, Nova Scotia..." And don't you forget

it, John Crosbie.

Why did so many politicians and editorial writers insist Crosbie had not just made a minor political mistake but had offered to the people of Atlantic Canada a grave, personal insult? Why is it an insult to suffer comparisons with a fellow in Jamaica, a woman in Haiti, a family in Sri Lanka? And what, I wonder, did immigrants from those countries think when they read that so many Atlantic Canadians found the comparison repugnant?

Finally, as Meg Greenfield wrote in Newsweek, "We complain like crazy in this country about the boring, bland, twofaced and utterly empty yak-yak that passes for political discourse. But the truth is that those who dare to speak in something other than the prescribed puffed-wheat prose tend to get themselves in trouble." Greenfield was talking about Americans. We Canadians are even worse. We constantly bellyache about the wimpish platitude-spouters who make our politics so tedious, but the moment John Crosbie says anything remotely interesting we go after him the way piranha fish go for a bleeding pig in a Brazilian river.

OCEANS

Technology vs. jobs: the fishery's enduring dilemma

Introducing new technology into the Atlantic fisheries isn't easy, especially if it threatens jobs. Does that mean the fishery is destined to lag behind the times?

by Deborah Jones
hen National Sea Products tried
to float a factory freezer trawler
into the Atlantic fishery last year,
opponents called it the thin edge of a
wedge that would destroy a way of life
by taking jobs away from coastal communities. The furor showed how hard it
is to introduce innovations into the fishery
— an industry which, long after other
primary industries have installed the most
up-to-date technology, remains in limbo
between a social support system and a
profit-making business.

The region's fishery is slowly modernizing, say observers. But the dilemma of whether technology should be introduced to make catching and processing more efficient at the cost of jobs still haunts it.

After much lobbying of federal politicians, National Sea got its trawler licence. The operation of the ship, the *Cape North* has cost 25 jobs at the National Sea plant in Lunenburg, because the trawler processes more fish with fewer people. The loss has been compensated for by an increase in the payroll because the crew earns more than the shore workers did, says the company.

At any rate, the fuss has subsided. Supporters of industry modernization point out that it does, after all, represent old technology. Freezer trawlers have been around for some 30 years, and are the result of research long passé in other countries. But research long passé is often what the Canadian fishing industry has to make do with, these voices add with

a touch of despondency.

"There's a lot of food technology research going on in Canada, but only a small percentage is on seafood," says Tom Gill of the Canadian Institute of Fisheries Technology at the Technical University of Nova Scotia in Halifax. "We have grains labs, fruit and vegetable labs, meat labs. But ours is the only institute in the country that's really doing strictly seafood." Exports of fish compare in value with wheat exports, he says, but fish gets far less in government research funds. Roughly \$150 million is spent on fisheries research in Canada a year, although that includes such activity as stock assessment on which catch quotas are based. Over three-quarters of that amount comes from the federal government. The rest comes from provincial governments and private industry.

There are various barriers to developing new technology, ranging from lack of money to government regulations. It would be "preposterous" to think of other industries lobbying politicians for permission to bring in new technology, says National Sea president Gordon Cummings. He cites the banks' automatic teller machines, tree harvesters in forestry and combines in agriculture as examples of technology that was introduced with little resistance. "Never did anyone say to a farmer you should not buy a combine to replace the hired hand. They'd be laughed at. In the fishery, government can do that."



Gill: the only place doing seafood research

The resistance to any technology that would take away jobs from the fisheries-dependent coastal communities, however, is strong — and as far as Fisheries Minister Tom Siddon is concerned, justified. "I don't think any fisheries minister in history has been able to ignore the social implications of the fishery. People who advocate cost-effective systems, highly efficient large vessels and sophisticated processing technology have to help me deal with the social displacement costs."

But even if critics concede Siddon's point they still shake their heads at episodes like the one involving the automatic jigger that never was. The device pulled in a baited hook automatically when a fish tugged at the line. Developed by the Nova Scotia Research Foundation and ABCO Industries of Bridgewater, N.S., it was meant to be much quicker and more efficient that "handlining." Too quick and efficient for the Department of Fisheries and Oceans, it turned out. "Of course they

immediately figured it would wreck the entire quota system," says Alec Gingell, ABCO's marketing manager. DFO effectively banned the device in 1980. "A change in regulations by DFO effectively squashed the marketplace. We just dropped it."

Innovations in safety and fish processing have been received more readily. Fishermen wax poetic about the Loran C, a grid of powerful, long-range navigational transmitters that runs down the Atlantic coast and which has been used by Canadian fishermen since the 1970s.

On the processing side, IMP of Halifax and ABCO are the main equipment manufacturers in the region. "We have developed pneumatic fish unloading systems, specialized phosphate machines to put a coating on fillets prior to freezing to prevent freezer burn, fish pumps, box washers and pan washers," says ABCO's Gingell. But, he adds, ABCO's capacity to research and develop new products is dwarfed by manufacturers overseas.

The heavy, automated equipment used by the fishing industry "is not available in Canada...or the United States," says Cummings. National Sea buys most of its new machinery from Baader, the world's largest supplier, based in West Germany.

Europeans have the edge on fisheries technology "because they've been developing for so much longer, and they spend a lot of money on research and development," says Austin Kerr, Baader's Halifax representative. The design cost of one of Baader's filleting machines, he notes, was \$15 million — out of the range of North American companies making gear for the industry.

Adds Gill: "Our federal government has to put more money into research, period. Everybody talks about that, but every year...budgets get cut."

While they insist modernization will be critical to the Canadian fishery's survival in the future, those who push for wider use of technology are not without understanding of the industry's social facets.

"There are two sides to most coins," muses Gingell. "Our fishery is very difficult. The social effect of some of these changes has got to be taken into consideration. It's fine for heavily populated small countries, like the United Kingdom or Denmark - they can afford to mechanize and modernize and change at relatively short notice. But we are scattered over an enormous coastline, and in many communities the fishery has been their source of income since time began. You can't suddenly close people down because of economics. There are a lot more factors in the Canadian industry than in other countries."

Nonetheless, they said that modernization is inevitable and the industry must prepare. Says Austin Kerr, "The industry here knows it's a peak. If there's a lull again and they don't have the modernization done, they could be in trouble.

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MIRROR ROOM, 127

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LADIES' COATS, 101

SPECIAL REPORT



A prison built on politics: the Renous Institution opens

After a decade of controversy, the Atlantic Institution at Renous, N.B., is opening. It was built mainly to create jobs. Criminologists object that it's in the wrong place

enous at sundown is a beautiful place. The dusk light streams easily through this northern New Brunswick village of about 200 people, silhoueting spruce trees, churches and houses. In the setting sun, the Atlantic Institution in the centre of the village looks like a factory or industrial complex instead of what it is — Eastern Canada's newest and most controversial maximum security prison.

Compared to Dorchester Penitentiary — a 125-year-old fortress of a building that's often been likened to a dungeon — the Atlantic Institution is almost commodious. Cell windows are narrow, but they're made of unbreakable plexiglass without bars. Interior walls are brightly painted, and the cast-iron barricades look more baroque than penitential. But it is without doubt a prison. Set off by itself on a huge plot of land, it's surrounded by two 12-foot razor wire fences. Between

them — 15 feet of no man's land, electronically rigged to a computerized detection room inside the prison. Walking through the nearly finished building (due to accept its first inmates in February), one's footsteps echo down hallway after hallway where concrete is thick and sunlight non-existent.

It's been almost a decade now since the Renous penitentiary site was first proposed — four years since construction began. During that time, the project has been under fire from prisoners rights groups as well as from people within the federal government. Its critics have included top-ranking officials in Correctional Service Canada (CSC), the government agency in charge of federal prisons.

The major contention — that the isolated village on the Miramichi River is no place for a prison — is compounded by another, even deeper-reaching concern. Many say there was no need for a

new maximum security institution in the first place.

The saga of the Atlantic Institution began in 1974 when the Department of National Defence announced plans to close the ammunitions depot it had run in Renous for many years. The closure, a cost-cutting measure slated for 1978, would leave 200 people out of work and 2,600 acres of Crown land up for grabs. Maurice Dionne, then Liberal MP for Northumberland-Miramichi, sprang into action. "I felt it was the government's responsibility to find alternate employment," he says. At the time, there were plans to shut down and replace Dorchester Penitentiary, just outside Moncton more than 100 miles away. Dionne went after the government to build the new penitentiary on the Crown land in Renous and Francis Fox, solicitor general at the time, concurred. In June 1977 Fox and Dionne made a public announcement that a new maximum security complex would be built in Renous.

The controversy arose quickly. Within weeks Fox received a petition signed by almost 2,000 people opposed to the plan. The community around Renous — where unemployment is close to 50 per cent — split into two camps: those who hoped for jobs and those who didn't want a prison in the area. The second group have been joined in their protests by the Canadian Criminal Justice Association, the John Howard Society of Canada, the Salvation

SPECIAL REPORT



Twenty prisoners will be moved to these cells in February. Renous has the capacity for 240. Most will be transfers from Dorchester

Army, the Atlantic Provinces Criminology and Corrections Association, the Church Council on Justice and Corrections, Elizabeth Fry societies and others. They argue that the remote location will make it hard to provide community services — such as psychiatric and other health services, counselling and education - and will pose serious difficulties for people visiting inmates because of the distance and lack of overnight accommodation. One group, the John Howard Society, estimated in a 1982 report that Nova Scotian visitors to Renous will end up paying 200 per cent more than for similar trips to Dorchester. "The government is providing regional employment on the backs of maximum security prisoners and their families," charged a representative of the society.

In a 1984 report the Carson committee, an advisory body to the solicitor general on the management of prisons, confirmed the curious order of priorities. "Historically," the report said, "correctional institutions in Canada have been located, constructed and operated more out of a need for regional economic development than for the program needs of the prison system."

In the case of Renous, the main defender of this state of affairs has been Maurice Dionne, who lost his seat in the 1984 federal election. The arguments of the church and criminal justice organizations against the prison were "all bullshit," he said in an interview quoted in *New Maritimes* magazine earlier this year. The transportation criticism was "a piece of crap." It wasn't the "do-gooder

societies" who decide where to put prisons. "It is the government of Canada... My job was to get what I could for this riding and I have a very firm belief that the free citizens of this country have more rights than prisoners do."

The events that transpired between the 1977 announcement of the Renous prison and the start of construction in 1983 bordered on the farcical as plans for the Atlantic Institution blew to and fro like so much straw in the wind.

In 1978 Jean-Jacques Blais became solicitor general, replacing Francis Fox. Blais kept the plan for Renous but cancelled that of closing Dorchester. Then the Conservatives came to power and the Renous project was shelved as part of the Clark government's nationwide moratorium on new prison construction. When Pierre Trudeau returned to power in February 1980, Renous — a Liberal election promise — was revived once more.

But while one arm of the government

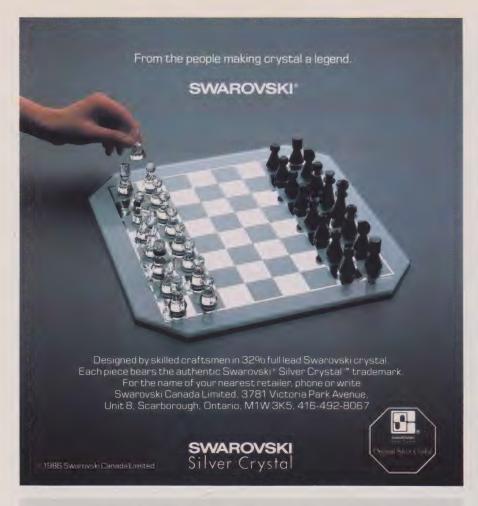


Construction jobs went to out-of-province unionized workers, not to local tradespeople



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SPECIAL REPORT

pushed for the prison, another continued to oppose it. "I was not too enthused about the location at first," recalls Donald Yeomans, who was commissioner of CSC from 1977 to 1984. From a purely administrative standpoint, he says, another location such as Moncton would have been less expensive.

'Not too enthused' and 'less expensive" are massive understatements. In April 1980 Yeomans told Solicitor General Robert Kaplan in a memo that the cost of upgrading the existing penitentiary at Dorchester would be "\$10 million less than the estimated cost of construction at Renous" and that Renous had "disadvantages of geography, communications and transportation" which made it "just economically unsound."

In another memo to Kaplan, Yeomans expressed his concern about who would fill the prison. "...Dorchester," he wrote, "refurbished and reduced from its present capacity of 461 to 250 will satisfy forecasts of CSC male accommodation needs." Nevertheless, plans went ahead.

In 1981 Kaplan made an announcement that appeared to guarantee a source of prisoners from across the country: Renous would have 240 protective custody units — for informers, sex offenders and others who require protection from fellow inmates — and 80 special handling units for those who are dangerous and hard to control. Once again there was an outcry. Criminologists argued that the proposed combination was destined to erupt into violence, particularly given the prison's isolated location. But the arguments turned out to be only academic. In June of 1984 officials said they'd overestimated the number of special handling units required; a year later that section was cancelled.

Then the protective custody units were also dropped, ostensibly due to a lower than expected prisoner population. Or was there another reason? In June of 1985 Prime Minister Brian Mulroney announced construction of a \$60-million prison at Port Cartier, Que., in his home riding, which will specialize in protective custody units. Cancellation of both special sections notwithstanding, the current price tag for the Atlantic Institution stands at \$60.3 million, about \$40 million above its 1977 cost estimate.

With the special units gone, what will be the purpose of the new institution? "The question never really answers itself," says Kevin Bonner of the John Howard Society in Saint John. Dan Ferguson, warden at Renous, says the prison will receive 20 inmates in February and gradually build up to its capacity of 240 — most of the prisoners will be transfers from Dorchester.

Meanwhile, the John Howard Society is considering plans to open an office in Newcastle, 20 miles away, but Bonner points out that this doesn't indicate a change in outlook. A new office will create financial stress for the society, he says and also, "It's not the way we'd like to have seen it done." The Canadian Criminal Justice Association is another of the many groups that hasn't changed its tune. "Basically our position is the same as it was in 1980," says Réal Jubenville, associate executive director. "The area doesn't have enough facilities."

Bob MacDonald of the John Howard office in Halifax says that the real needs of the prison system are more minimum and medium security accommodation (especially in Newfoundland), a psychiatric centre in a major city and small community-based facilities. Those needs, he says, haven't been met. He worries that with a surplus of high-priced maximum security cells, inmates ready for transfer to other places may not be moved. He expresses a common concern about prisons built for economic and political purposes: "Once you build them, somehow you're going to fill them."

The question remains as to how much employment the Atlantic Institution project has in fact provided in the region. When construction began in 1982 prospects looked good — on paper. Some 300 short-term jobs were to result from the construction phase, and another 255 people (220 full time and 35 contract) would be employed when the prison opened.

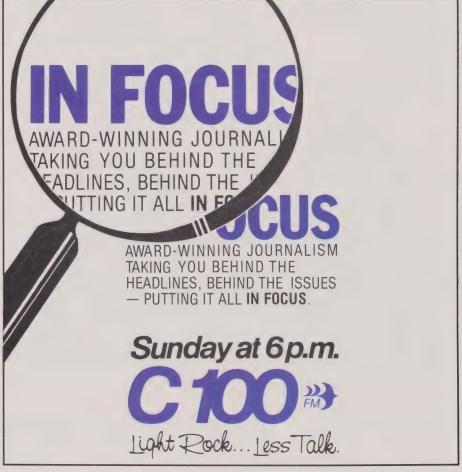
In practice, it's been another story. Granted, nearly all government building contracts have gone to New Brunswick, or at least Atlantic-based companies. But most contractors are unionized, and many experienced tradespeople in the Miramichi area are not. So as construction progressed, unionized workers from away marched daily through the prison gates to jobs denied to furious local people. Morris Green, MLA for Southwest Miramichi, adds another reason why they didn't get work: "They couldn't even get through the gates to apply. The commissionaire wouldn't let them in." Says Green, "It was nobody's fault, really. I think people were just led to expect too much?

Indeed, false expectations seem to have pervaded all stages of the prison's construction. Claude Dumain, now warden at Dorchester, was senior project manager for the Atlantic region of Correctional Service Canada until recently. He admits to "cringing" at expectations raised by some politicians, although he maintains that there are real economic benefits. "Direct benefits to the community have been limited during construction, it's true. Side benefits are another matter. Hotels are full up there, and restaurants packed."

Dan Ferguson says the prison's payroll will be \$6.7 million in its first year and he estimates that more than 60 per cent of its 260-member staff will be people from the area. Some of the other employees will be transferred from Dorchester, he adds. The prison is contracting out for its health care and food service staff, and as of a few weeks ago a number of professional employees — psychiatrist, dentist and so on —



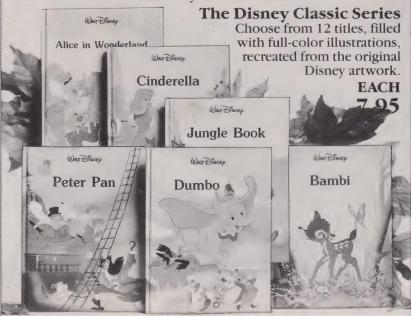
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remained to be hired.

Ferguson also points to the institution's \$5-million operating budget. He admits that CSC's own agricultural production centre at Westmorland (a minimum security facility attached to Dorchester) will have first option to provide food products — meat, eggs, vegetables and dairy products. But he says other spending will remain in the area — fuel, hydro, drugs and medications, snow and garbage removal and the purchasing power of the prison's staff.

However, the employment prospects have failed to meet expectations in a community desperate for work. Says Ferguson: "For 12 clerical positions I had more than 300 applications."

If, as it appears, the original premise for situating the Atlantic Institution in Renous has faltered, then what — if any — positive aspects remain? Time alone can tell, but the answer may lie partly in Dan Ferguson himself. A soft-spoken individual far removed from the "killer warden" image of the movies, Ferguson was warden at Dorchester for a time in preparation for his job at Renous, and

before that he spent almost 20 years in

various prison-related positions.

The 45-year-old warden says his philosophy is to be as available as possible to everyone — inmates and staff. "I eat with the prisoners in the cafeteria, look in at the classrooms, that sort of thing." He's been involved in the project since 1981. He admits that inmates' families will find it more difficult and expensive to visit Renous than Moncton, and that once there they'll have virtually nowhere to stay overnight. "Housing for both staff and visitors will most definitely be a problem."

But he expresses enthusiasm at being "in at the beginning of things" in Renous, a situation he believes will safeguard the prison against the accumulated ill will and negative conditioning so prevalent in older institutions. One step has been the production of a video tape of the production of show to incoming prisoners and staff. It will help to reduce the inmates' "fear of the unknown," he says. Facilities include a gym where, Ferguson hopes, prisoners will meet with sports teams from communities such as Renous and neighboring Blackville.

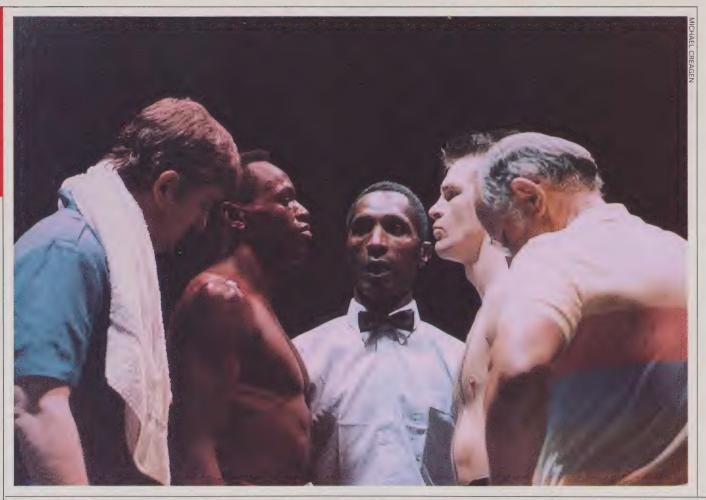
This raises the question of how Renous residents will feel once the penitentiary opens in February, now that many early concerns about inmates nearby have been compounded by resentment over jobs that failed to materialize. But MLA Morris Green has faith in his constituents. "I think Renous will become a good host community, once the bad feelings and fears and initial adjustment period wear off. They're good people."

But can the "good people" of Renous—and those on the prison staff—help the Atlantic Institution and its future inmates to overcome the prison's backlog of political and geographic handicaps? To say the least, the challenge is formidable.

Show Your Stripes!



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Boxing with shadows:

Boxing used to be a big sport in the Maritimes, if not the biggest. Halifax was the boxing capital of Canada. Now it's a troubled sport. It has diehard adherents, but does it have a future?

onny MacPhee tried his best to manage a smile. The Halifax boxing promoter had just heard that Canadian welterweight champion Ricky Anderson was too sick with stomach problems to defend his title against Denis Sigouin of Montreal. MacPhee, who had invested \$40,000 in arranging and promoting the fight, had hoped that the card would put boxing back on the sports map in the Maritimes. Now he'd be happy if he didn't go bankrupt.

"It would have been a super event," MacPhee said after the cancellation. "We had broken all the records for the pre-sale of tickets at the Halifax Forum. We would have turned people away."

The other fights on the card went ahead, but the cancellation of the Anderson-Sigouin fight became one more shot to the head for a sport in confusion. After years of decline from its glory days in the period from the 1940s

to the 1960s, boxing is beset by dwindling attendance, infighting within the sport, the absence of big-name fighters and a staggering run of bad luck.

In a region that develops hundreds of quality amateur boxers every year, only a few choose to extend their talents into the professional arena. Perhaps two dozen boxers remain active in Atlantic Canada, compared to twice that number 30 years ago. Boxing promoters do their best to give the fans the action they crave, but few find the chemistry to bring back the sell-out crowds.

The outlook was not always so cloudy. In the postwar decades, boxing in the Maritimes challenged baseball and hockey for public affection. A boxing match in Glace Bay or Moncton or Halifax attracted packed houses. Blair Richardson, Richard "Kid" Howard, Tiger Warrington and Buddy Daye were household names; Yvon Durelle attained the status of legend, and dozens of young

fighters made a living battling in small community gyms around the region.

But times change and with more entertainment and sports events to choose from, boxing is no longer the only game in town on fight night. These days, few East Coast towns outside Halifax stage fights any more, and even Halifax is known for hot-and-cold fan attendance. Last year in Atlantic Canada only ten professional fight cards were promoted.

"The routine show doesn't seem to draw people any more," says Pat Connolly, a veteran sports writer and broadcaster in Halifax whose association with boxing goes back many years. He says it's "a big-event town" now, with productions like Grey-Clarke fights, Canada versus Russia hockey, the CIAU basketball championship a few years ago between St. Mary's and Acadia, and even the Tattoo or concerts like Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton. "People will pay \$30, \$40, \$50 to see one big event," says Connolly, "but you can't run routine promotions and charge \$30 a shot. That's not a knock against promoters like Sonny MacPhee. Everybody wants too much money." He points to managers, trainers,



a sport on the canvas

and many boxers themselves. "We have very few fighters who are big box office. And if a guy only fights once or twice a year, how can you get excited about it?"

Sonny MacPhee and his wife Greta promote boxing throughout the Atlantic Provinces. They typify the contrasts one finds everywhere in the sport. Sonny is flamboyant, excitable, always trying to make the sale, the born promoter. Greta is calm, quiet, a good listener. He talks about the "electricity" and the "heat" of boxing; she talks facts and figures, profits and losses, the bottom line.

MacPhee, who works full time with the circulation department of the Halifax Herald, is a lifelong fight fan. He and a close friend decided to start promoting fights nine years ago on a whim. Their first card, at the Dartmouth Sportsplex with a capacity of 4,000, drew 3,600 people, but MacPhee and his partner didn't make a cent. Inexperience in negotiating contracts, arranging promotion and knowing how much to charge for tickets cost the new promoters heavily. The partner decided the "heat" was too much, but Sonny and Greta stayed on.

"You know what promoting is," he

says. "Phone calls at two in the morning that give you instant diarrhea.'

Promoting involves tremendous financial risk. The MacPhees recall the time some boxing enthusiasts convinced them that if they arranged a top-flight boxing card for a particular Friday night in Halifax, it would draw thousands. Nine hundred people bought tickets, and they lost \$15,000. Fight fans asked the MacPhees to organize a card in Newfoundland recently, and they arranged one for St. John's. The day before the fight, a St. John's sports writer said the whole thing was illegal because the city didn't have the necessary boxing commission required by law. The MacPhees protested, saying St. John's did have a commission, but it had been inactive for many years. The card was called off. The Mac-Phees lost \$10,000. "The lawyer for the city phoned us and said the whole thing was a misunderstanding, so why didn't we come back in two weeks or so after they had cleared it up," says Greta Mac-Phee. "I told him great, we've got 25 people in the air on their way to St. John's right now. We'll just keep them up in the air for two weeks, and by the time they

land, they'll be ready to fight all right."

Not all of the MacPhees' promotions go sour. They talk proudly of the time they put 9,100 people in the Halifax Forum to see a fight several years ago. They've arranged four championship fights for Halifax, three in the past year. Most of the time they aim at breaking even, but they also talk about their dream card, the one that will fill the Metro Centre in Halifax to the rafters. For the MacPhees, boxing is a chess game; set up one fight with another in mind. Sonny MacPhee says the conditions are right for boxing to make a comeback in the region, but he worries about the lack of fighters with the "big bomb": the knockout punch.

"People don't come to the fights to see decisions, they come to see somebody on the floor. I have a great deal of respect for Ricky Anderson, but he's not the answer. You go to Truro and ask people who Ricky Anderson is and they don't know, and he's Canadian champion. Ricky is a gentleman, and a fine person, but we don't need gentlemen in boxing. I need somebody who is going to go out there and say 'Hell

man, I'm going to kill ya.'

COVER STORY



Greta and Sonny MacPhee feel that conditions are right for a boxing comeback in the region

Rick MacDonald, Ricky Anderson's trainer, disagrees with MacPhee. "People say Ricky's too much of a gentleman. Well, they said that about Sugar Ray Leonard as well. If Ricky had the people and money behind him from the start, he'd be in the top ten. But he still plugs away because he's a good boxer."

Anderson, 26, remains an enigma to most people in the fight game. Sensitive to criticism and stung by his failure to become a popular champion, he retreats from public view to train in obscurity. His training camp, a two-storey light blue building on Main Street in the Fairview section of Halifax looks like a movie set

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Ricky Anderson trains in obscurity. He's had rough times and his trainer says he was used

from the 1940s. Old battered gloves droop limply from pegs, and body bags hang in the corner, their dark leather marbled with white cracks. Posters from long-forgotten fights cover the walls. It's hardly the place one expects to find Canada's welterweight boxing champion preparing for his next title fight.

Anderson, who's two credits away from a university degree in sociology, tries to put a good face on his troubles. "I believe there's a silver lining behind every cloud. You just have to work hard for it. But it's difficult, especially when I was younger. Everybody telling you what to do, everybody an expert. It was rough times. I had two managers and four trainers in a very short period of time. And it's still rough. But that's the measure of a man. To go through times like this, and come out looking like gold."

Rick MacDonald is more blunt about Anderson's problems. He alleges that the fighter fell victim to people who used his talent for their own purposes and then dropped him. If Anderson had been marketed to the public in the same way that Shawn O'Sullivan was — appearances on TV, commercials, interviews with the national press — MacDonald contends that he might be world champion by now. Whether a boxer gets a shot at a title fight depends on his ability to draw a crowd as well as on his skill in the ring. The problem with boxing today, says MacDonald, is that too many people are involved to promote their own interests, even at the expense of the sport.

"Nobody wants to put any money into the sport in Canada. In the States, boxing attracts a lot of attention; in Canada, a champion has to train in his basement. We have 300 or 400 amateurs in this region who box all the time, and nobody ever knows about it. And that's not the media's fault. It's boxing people who have to do something about it. But people only want to promote it when their names are on it. They're not helping boxing, they're only helping themselves. Most of the kids I meet in the local gyms are great kids, lots of talent. But when adults screw them, they grow up screwing other people."

The Nova Scotia Boxing Authority (NSBA) tries to make sure nobody gets screwed. Nova Scotia, the first province to have a provincial boxing authority, took the lead in Canada in the early '70s by installing rules to protect both boxer and promoter. Pre-fight medicals were made more stringent, and contract regulations were changed. Promoters could no longer cheat fighters out of their promised share of the gate, but boxers faced stiff punishments if they pulled out of a fight at the last second, without a valid excuse.

"In the old days, if your heart was beatin', you were okay to fight," says Buddy Daye, former Canadian lightweight champion. "I don't recall any fighter being turned back. Promoters used to go out on the streets the day before the fight and find guys to fill out a card."

For Daye, it brings back memories of the night in his teens when he and some friends travelled from Halifax to Windsor, N.S., to see a match with Maritime featherweight champion Billy Nickerson. When Nickerson's opponent didn't show up. Daye's friends convinced the promoters that he could take on the champ. Daye, who had "sparred a little" but never had a fight, scored a knockout in the first round.

But he stresses that he doesn't miss the old days when anything went. "I saw a lot of guys doing the 'fighter's waltz,' 'he recalls, referring to the loss of balance and motor skills that can result from years of blows to the head. "The medical aspect of boxing left a lot to be desired." Daye became the first black member of the Halifax Athletic Commission, which later became part of the province-wide authority. The reason he stopped boxing and went on the authority, he says, was "to help guys like me."

Fighters who routinely pass medicals in other parts of the country are rejected by the NSBA. Although some diehards complain that the rules may be too stringent, most agree the changes have

been for the best.

But the NSBA, now under the leadership of lawyer Eric Thomson, doesn't escape the controversy that shadows boxing. Promoters like the MacPhees say the authority does as much to hurt boxing in Nova Scotia as it does to help it.

"When Thomson became the head of



Daye: on the NSBA, doesn't miss the old days the authority last year, he admitted he

didn't know a left hook from a right hook," says Sonny MacPhee. "He was very open about it, that he wanted to try hard. But my, oh my. We've got to have somebody who knows fighting. I'm afraid we've had and will continue to have many disagreements with the board."

MacPhee has no problems with the safety measures, but he argues that NSBA takes too large a percentage of the gates, especially when the house counts have been small. "I disagree violently with them," he says. "With boxing in as much trouble as it's in, and as hard as we work, we need somebody who knows the sport. The rule book says the NSBA takes one to five per cent of the gate. Now in the old days, they took one to five, depending on how you did. If you did poorly, sometimes they wouldn't take anything. Eric Thomson takes over and he sends out a letter saying take five per cent, period. And I don't even know what they use it for. We pay for all the judges, the officials and the doctors. Not only that, they require that I give them 24 ringside seats, yet they all get in to the cards on their commission passes. Those tickets are money out of my pocket," he complains. "If they want to be wheels, why should it be at my expense? I'm not saying they're all bad fellows, but my God, we've got to sit down and talk, and we've got to do it

Thomson, who's a partner in the Halifax law firm of Quackenbush and Thomson, was appointed chairman of the authority by the provincial government last year. He dismisses MacPhee's comments, saying he's heard them before. A football coach for 15 years and an official with junior hockey in Cole Harbour outside Dartmouth for 11 years, Thomson says he has plenty of experience with sports to help him on the NSBA. "I like to think I bring a fresh perspective, because I have the chance to look at boxing from all angles. My legal background



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COVER STORY

helps me to see both sides in a dispute, and eliminate potential problems that arise.' He says the charge of trying to be a wheel with promoters' tickets is unfair; that he buys at least a dozen tickets for each card and gives them to friends to help promote the sport. He argues that a promoter, busy with the problems of preparing a card, often doesn't see the time and energy put in by the NSBA to ensure that his card is a success on every level.

Thomson says he wants the NSBA to help boxing grow, but he cites a familiar reason for the lack of fan support. "The boxers really have to be the promoters of their own game. Promoting just isn't lin-

ing up a fight, it's presenting that fight in a professional, entertaining manner. Marketing is the key, and compared to other sports, boxing is way behind."

Reasons for the troubled state of boxing vary as much as the people in the sport themselves. But most of these people agree that the sport's main problems are a lack of promoters, a lack of local professional fighters, few people who know how to market the sport to a public saturated with entertainment and sports options, the absence of big-name fighters and the impatience of local fans with young, inexperienced boxers. Everyone talks about the need to work together, but

no one seems to know who should take the lead in order to make it happen. Boxing in the Maritimes remains in decline, staggering from fight to fight with no long-range plan in sight.

But the sport survives, fuelled by the dedication of many people who will never be rich or famous. Disputes aside, they love boxing with a passion uncommon to most sports. Most lose money through their involvement, yet say they would rather "lose a limb," as one trainer put it, than give up the fight game.



Leppard trains fighters in his spare time

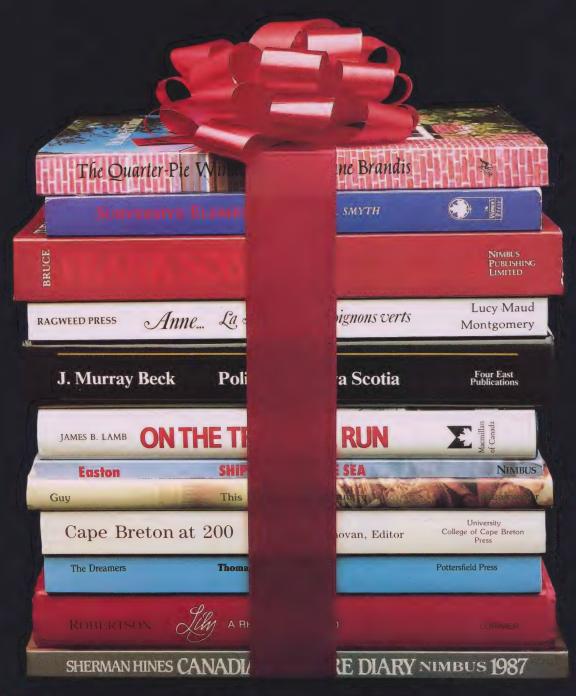
"Boxing is like life," says Pete Leppard, a sergeant with the RCMP in Lower Sackville, N.S. His broad chest and shoulders call to mind his own past as a boxer. Today he pursues his love of the sport by training fighters in his spare time. "What you see in the ring is reflective of life overall. You see life in its entirety, all its rawness," he says. "It's a struggle and all life's a struggle. You can work hard, and sometimes life is against you, and you lose. And sometimes you win. People equate to that. That's what makes people so crazy about this sport. People do it for love. It's the only possible reason."

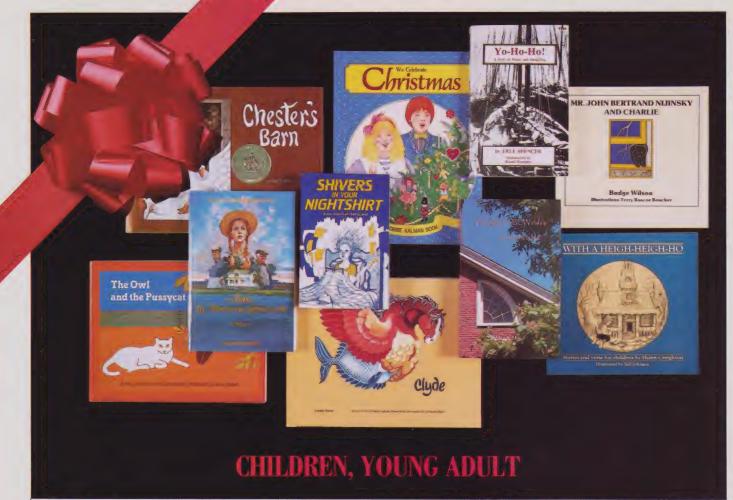
Back at his home in Halifax, Sonny MacPhee refuses to admit defeat. He says the cancellation of the Anderson-Segouin fight might turn into a blessing because of the publicity it engendered. "It won't hurt it. The pros and cons are that you never turn down ink. People who never would have known about the fight are aware now." MacPhee says Halifax used to be the boxing capital of Canada, "But we let places like Montreal take it away. Well, we can get it back," he insists. "And we will do it. I know it."



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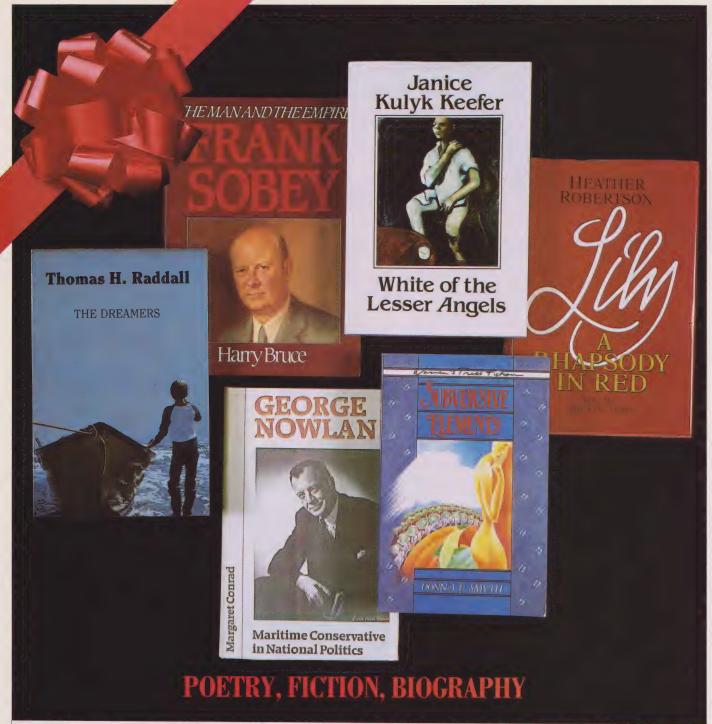
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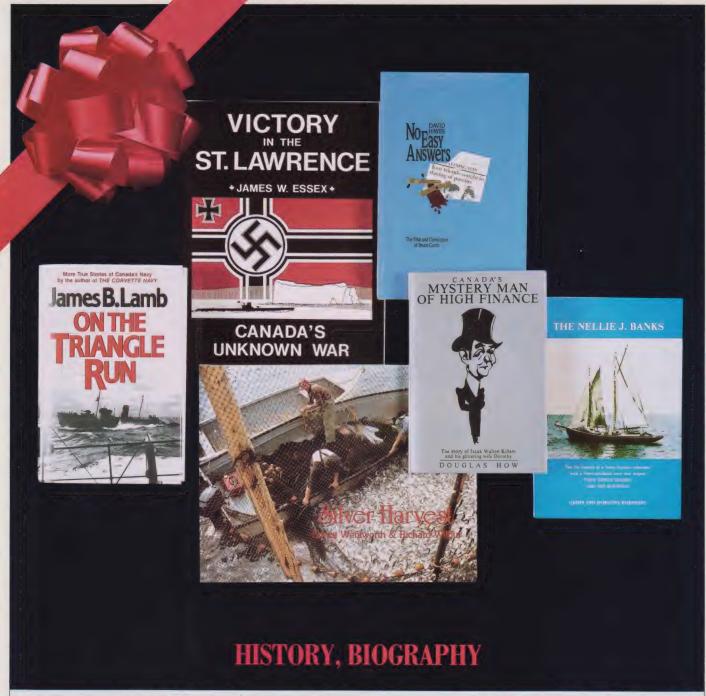
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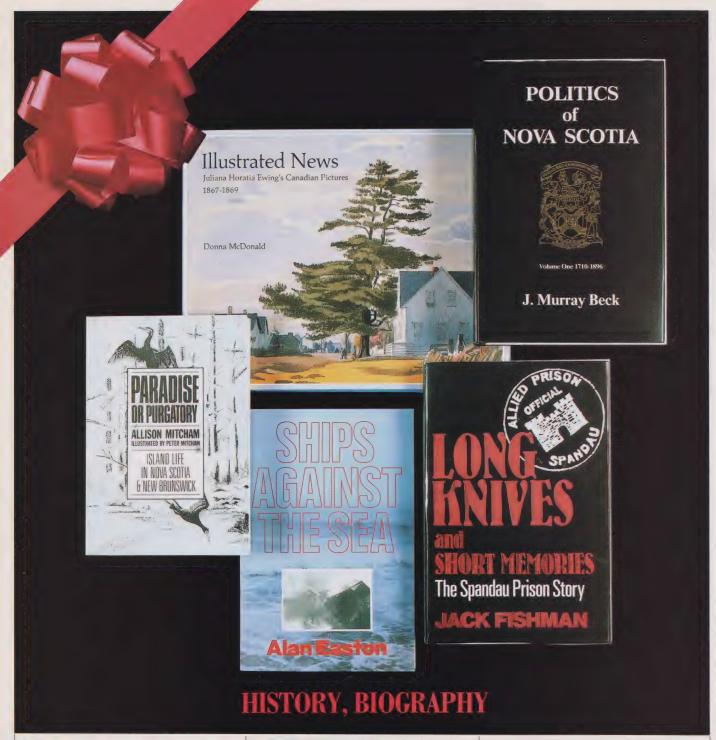
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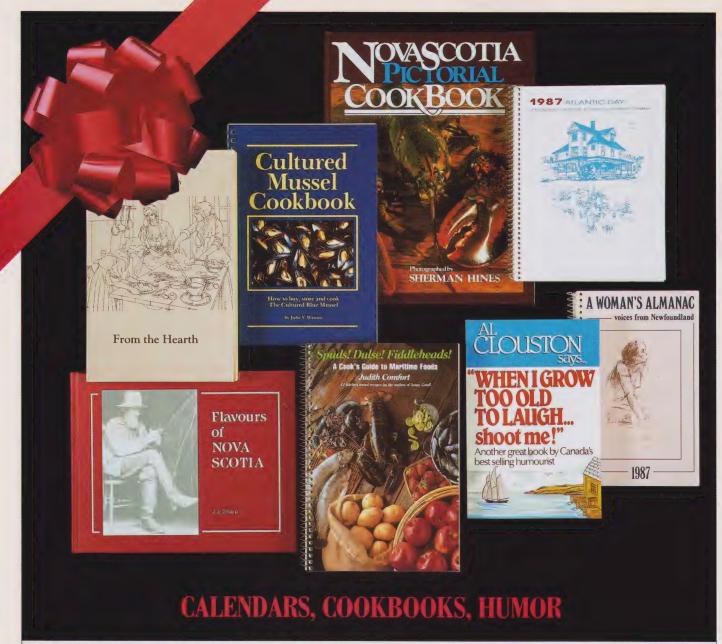
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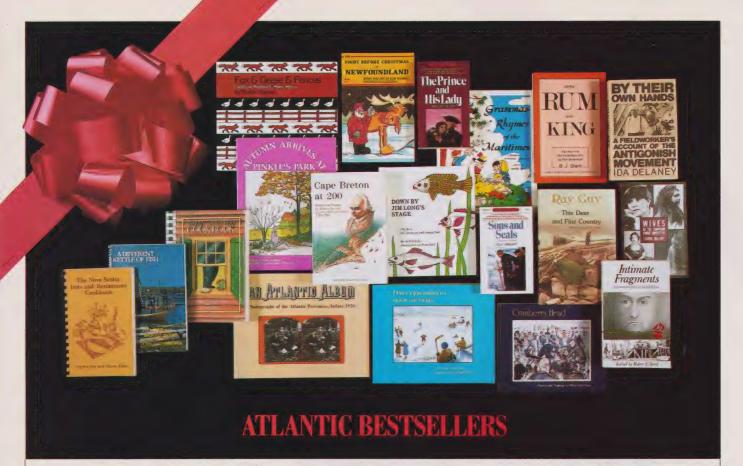
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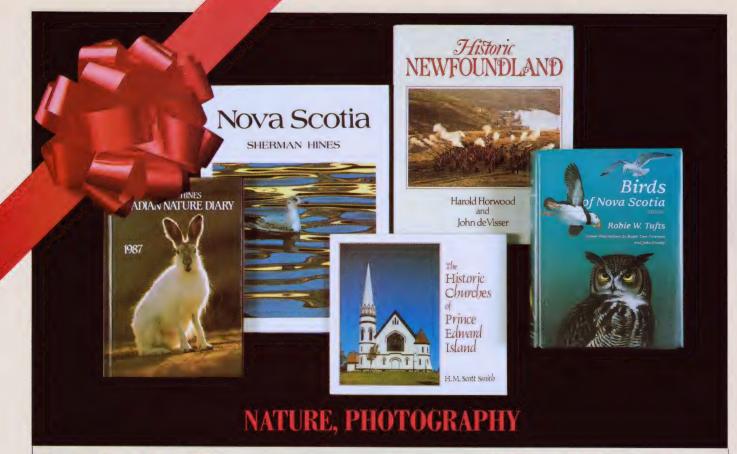
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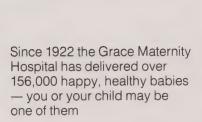
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The winners of the "Sights of Atlantic Canada" photo contest



1st Prize: "Seashell on the Seashore," Earle Lockerby, Mississauga, Ont.

e announced our contest in May with the message: "Give us your best shot!" You didn't disappoint us. In fact, you made it hard for the judges to choose just three winners. After all, we received over 1,000 slides and photographs — many of them were high calibre.

The judging took a day to complete and was done in several stages. Eventually the field narrowed to a dozen or so finalists. That's when the task of choosing the winners is most difficult.

As Atlantic Insight's art director, Kevin O'Reilly puts it, "The judges have three basic criteria: composition, technical skills of the photographer and subject matter. All three are considered in light of the theme. Yet it isn't a question of looking for technical excellence or superb composition."

In fact, it's quite hard to define exactly what the judges look for. "Call it that little something that causes one picture to jump out from all the others," says O'Reilly.

Here they are — the winners! We think you'll agree they are fine examples of the photographer's art.

In the coming months we hope to show some of the runners-up. In the meantime, we congratulate the winners and thank all the *Atlantic Insight* readers who entered the contest.

Next year make the judges job even harder. Plan now to give us your best shots in 1987.

PHOTO CONTEST



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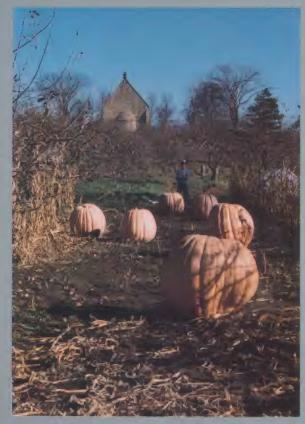
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WILDLIFE

On the brink: endangered species of Atlantic Canada

Some are actually lost forever, like the great auk and the Newfoundland wolf. Some are nearly gone. Others can be saved — if the efforts of conservation groups succeed, and if governments can be made to care



The right whales that summer in the Bay of Fundy and the peregrine falcon once thrived here

by David Holt

he young peregrine falcon steps gingerly from its "hack" box on the edge of the cliff overlooking the Bay of Fundy. Soon this transplant, raised in captivity in Western Canada, tries its wings along the air currents high above the bay. Within days it is practising the high-speed dive-bombing that has made the falcon one of nature's deadliest hunters. The peregrine is a rare bird in Atlantic Canada. It was wiped out completely along the Fundy coast in the 1950s. But it's rare too in that it's the beneficiary of one of the few government programs to save an endangered species.



WILDLIFE



The eastern cougar is found in small numbers, maybe just enough to keep them reproducing

The falcon is only one of ten species that once thrived in Atlantic Canada and which are now designated as endangered. For all ten, from the huge right whale and leatherback turtle to the diminutive piping plover shorebird, it may be too late. "Once a species is endangered, there's not a heck of a lot you can do to save it," reflects David Nettleship, a biologist with the Canadian Wildlife Service (CWS) office at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography in Dartmouth. "Extinction often follows in from ten to 100 years."

Pollution, and loss of habitat through human encroachment and interference are major factors in the decline of animal and plant species. But three on the endangered list — the right whale, Eskimo curlew and Acadian whitefish — have been reduced primarily by fishing and hunting.

The right whales that summer in the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of Maine make up most of the northwest Atlantic population of this internationally endangered marine animal. Its high fat content, the fact that it floats when killed and its lack

On the "threatened" list is the Maritime woodland caribou, now found only in the Gaspé

of fear made it the "right" whale to hunt. It was protected from commercial whaling in 1937, but for reasons that baffle scientists, its numbers have not increased — unlike many other protected whales. Meanwhile the Eskimo curlew, a specialized shorebird, "was too heavily hunted in the past," says Nettleship. "It's bound to go."

A few hundred Acadian whitefish, relatives of the Atlantic salmon, still migrate up a couple of rivers in southwestern Nova Scotia, but this tiny number, reduced by dams, river netting and acid rain, probably has only a few years left. When this once-plentiful game fish goes, it will be the end of one of the few fish unique to Canadian waters.

There's some hope that the numbers of the piping plover and the eastern cougar may be just large enough to keep them reproducing. But unfortunately, the plover nests on beaches, on delicate "wash over" areas easily disturbed by vehicles or even a family picnic. And the eastern cougar, a sub-species of the western cougar or "mountain lion," lingers on in small numbers in the deep woods of New Brunswick and perhaps Nova Scotia, but is hypersensitive to the steady encroachment of people into its territory.

Plants are also on the "endangered" list. One more dam may be the end of the Furbish's lousewort plant along the St. John River valley, and the pink coreopsis hangs on along the shore of a couple of lakes in Nova Scotia which are inevitable targets for cottage development.

The body that keeps count is COSEWIC, the Committee on the Status of Endangered Wildlife in Canada. Made up mostly of government and university biologists, it has been functioning only since 1978, but in that time the numbers of rare, threatened and endangered species has grown. "It's an unfortunate sign that in 1986 the number of species on the three COSEWIC lists topped 100 for the first time," says Steven Price of the Canadian branch of the World Wildlife Fund, an international body of conservationists of which Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, is president. Twenty-seven of these are found in the Atlantic Provinces," he says, "including four species added to the threatened list this year.'

The "endangered" list includes two mammals — the right whale and the eastern cougar; three birds — the peregrine falcon, piping plover and Eskimo curlew; one reptile — the leatherback turtle; one fish — the Acadian whitefish; and three plants — Furbish's lousewort, pink coreopsis and water pennywort. On the "threatened" list is the Maritime woodland caribou which used to range throughout the Maritimes. It's somewhat different from the caribou of the North, and now exists only in the Gaspé. There's also the Newfoundland pine marten, a sub-species of the pine

marten that exists elsewhere in Canada, plus two birds, the roseate tern and loggerhead shrike, and two plants, Plymouth gentian and sweet pepperbush. The "rare" list is much larger and includes such well-known species as the blue whale and the Ipswich sparrow of Sable Island.

In the jargon of COSEWIC a species is endangered if it's threatened with extinction over its Canadian range by human activity. A threatened species is one that is headed for that category. A rare species is low in numbers for natural reasons. The lists, however, may only be the tip of the iceberg. More than 1,000 rare plants across Canada, for instance, remain to be assessed.

It's part of a global drift toward what American author Norman Myers calls "waves of extinction." If present trends continue, predicts this consultant to the World Bank, 2.5 million species of plants and animals will be gone from the face of the earth by the middle of the next century

In most cases the greatest threat to wildlife is the alteration of land and water habitats by human activity. "You can't just keep endangered species in greenhouses, public gardens and zoos," argues Pierre Taschereau, a biologist at Dalhousie University in Halifax. "You have to protect their habitats for these species to survive."

While COSEWIC labors to distinguish between a threatened and an endangered species, the difference may be

only an academic one. "We need to identify a species in trouble early on," says Nettleship. "If we wait until it's listed as endangered to act, we'll lose it."

In 1986 the roseate tern was listed as a threatened species on Nettleship's recommendation, after a steady decline since the 1800s when terns were fashionable adornments to women's hats—usually the whole bird, stuffed. In this century common and roseate terns have been displaced by the boom in numbers of garbage- and offal-eating gulls which have driven the smaller, more specialized terns, which feed on small fish, from most of their nesting sites. The 125 pairs that still nest on Sable Island make up most of the Canadian population.

On the other hand, the Atlantic puffins that nest on islands in Witless Bay, Newfoundland (a major part of the Canadian population — the rest are in other parts of Newfoundland and in Nova Scotia, although there's a major population in Europe) have declined drastically since the early 1970s. "They are not yet in danger," Nettleship allows. "But if the decline continues at the present rate, we could lose them before they are officially recognized as threatened."

The roots of the problem are so entrenched in history as to be almost invisible today. "Man has done nothing but slaughter animals since colonizing the New World," declares Nettleship, who surveys seabirds from Ellesmere Island in the Arctic to Bermuda. "We continue

to do this indirectly at sea with toxic chemicals, oil spills and an artificial food supply — garbage — that favors generalists like gulls over specialist species like terns and auks."

Still, public awareness of the threat to wildlife has grown dramatically in recent years. "In Canada today you'll find strong public support for any conservation group," says Nettleship. A Statistics Canada survey has found that 84 per cent of Canadians are interested in wildlife. But so far this sentiment has not caught the attention of politicians.

The incoming federal Conservative government slashed the budget of the CWS, an agency of Environment Canada, and reduced funding for private groups like the World Wildlife Fund Canada, a major backer of COSEWIC. The provinces, owners of most of the Crown land in Canada, rarely allocate funds for wildlife inventories or for programs to improve the odds for vulnerable species. Says provincial biologist Joe Brazil of Newfoundland and Labrador, "We're behind the rest of North America in inventorying our wildlife resource."

Against this background of budget cutting and indifference, two government programs stand out. CWS and Parks Canada have joined forces to try to reestablish the peregrine falcon on the Bay of Fundy. And the wildlife division of the Newfoundland department of culture, recreation and youth is striving to protect the island's pine marten.



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WILDLIFE



The program to re-establish the peregrine falcon allows visitors to view nesting sites

Until recent years the peregrine did a good job of looking after itself. Equally at home nesting on isolated cliffs or city skyscrapers, the falcon was found on all continents of the world except Antarctica. Then, after the Second World War, the species was pushed to the brink of extinction by the use of pesticides such as DDT which rose in the food chain and accumulated in these efficient predators until reproduction nearly came to a standstill. Endangered worldwide, by the 1950s

the peregrine was no longer breeding on high cliffs along the Bay of Fundy.

In 1982, as part of a national program, the CWS began releasing young peregrines, raised in captivity, in the Advocate region of Nova Scotia. Across the bay, in New Brunswick's Fundy National Park, Parks Canada also set up a number of "hack" sites. This includes a "hack box"—a box with food which serves temporarily as home while the falcon gets used to the wild. So far about 40 young

falcons have tried their wings over the bay, but only one pair has returned, and they didn't nest. The return of even one nesting pair would make the program a success, assuming the pair expanded into a colony. Biologists are hopeful, since a similar program in Maine produced a nesting pair.

A ban on DDT and a change in public attitudes may give the birds a second chance to colonize the Fundy shore. "One falcon was shot in Nova Scotia last year," reports Bruce Johnson, a CWS biologist on the peregrine team, "but most people no longer view falcons as 'evil chicken hawks."

Still, the best hope for peregrines in the Atlantic Provinces may lie in the isolation of Labrador, where a recent survey by the provincial wildlife division found the birds at traditional nesting sites. "Far from population centres and sources of contamination, Labrador may be a refuge for falcons and other hard-pressed species," suggests the division's Joe Brazil.

Brazil is also keeping a close watch on the Newfoundland pine marten, a relative of the Russian sable, one of the most highly prized fur bearers. Trapping the marten was outlawed on the island in 1934, but this species has remained in decline as logging destroyed the mature softwood forests which are the animal's only habitat.

Now confined to the Little Grand Lake area of western Newfoundland, and



IN THE WORLD OF RUMS, THIS ONE STAND

added to the threatened list in 1986, the marten's remaining range has been eyed for timber harvesting by the Kruger paper mill in Corner Brook. "Kruger submitted a cutting plan to us," relates Brazil. "Now Kruger and the wildlife division are undertaking a joint environmental assessment of the marten habitat and population, and we have approved a limited cut. For now the marten seems to be holding its own."

Such government conservation efforts, however, remain the exception, not the rule. Instead of providing leadership, the federal and provincial governments are more often slow to respond to the proddings of private groups such as the World Wildlife Fund Canada. In the early 1970s it seemed that this pattern might be broken by the International Biological Program (IBP), in which Canada joined 56 other nations in an effort to identify vulnerable species and ecosystems in need of protection. Recalls Pierre Taschereau: "This was just a preliminary survey and the proposed acreage of the sites was ridiculously small." Taschereau, of Dalhousie's Institute for Resources and Environmental Studies, co-chaired the team of scientists who selected 116 sites in the Maritimes. Another 66 were picked in Newfoundland.

In the late 1970s many provinces began drafting legislation to create ecological reserves, and for a while it seemed that the IBP sites would soon be protected within this new category. "Today all the Atlantic Provinces except P.E.I. have ecological reserve acts," says Taschereau, "but the actual creation of reserves has been painfully slow." Taschereau and other conservationists point out with some dismay that these laws are merely frameworks to facilitate the creation of ecological reserves, but do not require that they actually be created.

Nova Scotia only recently proposed its first ecological reserve, to be proclaimed late this year at the earliest. It is a site whose uniqueness and value have been known for six decades. In 1920, while exploring the southern part of the province, Professor M.L. Fernald of Harvard University, one of the world's leading botanists, discovered a group of rare plants confined to the shoreline of a small pocket of lakes on the Tusket River in Yarmouth County. The plants, including the showy pink-flowered Plymouth gentian and the pink coreopsis are part of the "coastal plain flora" essentially, the plants of the east coast of North America. This group of plants was previously known only as far north as Cape Cod. They still exist in the U.S. but are under threat of extinction there

Fernald speculated that the plants had migrated north at the end of the last ice age, when sea level was far lower than it is today and the now mostly submerged coastal plain was dry land. "This area must hold some secrets of profound importance to a clear understanding of life

in this part of eastern North America," wrote the enthused scientist about his discovery.

More than 60 years later, in 1982, Paul and Cathy Keddy, aware that a dam and new cottages had disturbed some of the Tusket Lakes, canoed down the river to check on Fernald's discoveries. The former Nova Scotians who are now botanists at the University of Ottawa, were relieved to find some of the rare plants along several lakes, but they also saw cottage development and all-terrain-vehicle tracks along the shore, promising a limited future for the site. Paul Keddy notified the Nova Scotia Museum of his findings and began a one-man lobby of the province to create Nova Scotia's first ecological reserve.

New Brunswick and Newfoundland both have a handful of ecological reserves. But in the case of New Brunswick, some "procedural errors" in enacting the Ecological Reserves Act "means that the reserves are not really legally protected," says Hajo Versteeg, a former law professor at the University of New Brunswick who helped draft the law.

New Brunswick is the only Atlantic province to have an endangered species protection act, but again the law, which is supposed to protect the bald eagle, the peregrine falcon, the osprey, the lynx, the eastern panther and the Furbish's lousewort plant, is mainly cosmetic. "The act is not dynamic," complains Don MacAlpine of the New Brunswick



S ALONE. MYERS'S PLANTERS' PUNCH RUM.





WILDLIFE

Museum. "It is hard to add a species to the list, and even harder to delete one. We should drop the osprey, which is now thriving, and add the grey tree frog and the piping plover." The act is also limited by protecting the habitat of endangered plants, but not of endangered animals.

A similar lack of legislation prevails at the federal level. "Most Crown land is provincial and Canada has no broadbased law similar to the U.S. endangered species act," explains Versteeg. "Some people think that COSEWIC provides statutory protection of endangered species, but they're wrong."

Every year valuable ecological reserves fall to the axe, the cottage developer or the allterrain vehicle and governments get stingier

The present lack of government commitment stretches back to colonial times. Historically, wildlife conservation has concentrated on preserving fish and game for the sportsman. Some of the first bag limits were set 200 years ago by British officers stationed in the Atlantic Provinces who wanted to protect their chosen quarry from harvesting by farmers and Indians. Early in this century, in a move also designed to protect game, sanctuaries were created where the killing of wildlife was prohibited.

In 1917 Canada and the U.S. ratified the Migratory Bird Treaty which protects some 300 species of birds. This was a landmark agreement, but it was limited by the

understanding of the time.

"Blackbirds, cormorants and raptors such as hawks, eagles and owls were excluded from the treaty, because they were considered pests," relates Peter Austin-Smith of the Nova Scotia department of lands and forests and a new member of COSEWIC. "Later studies showed that raptors were not in direct competition with man, so these birds were eventually protected by the province. Eagles are no longer viewed as marauders of livestock. Because they sit at the top of the food chain, they are now seen as indicators of a healthy environment."

The federal government played a further role by creating a series of national parks. "Still, the total area of parklands is less than one per cent of the land area in Canada," says Taschereau, "and Eastern Canada has a low proportion of

this parkland?

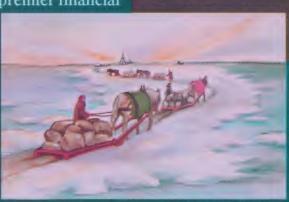
Otherwise (with the exception of fish) wildlife has been the responsibility of the provinces since Confederation with the result that the buyers of hunting, fishing

n the winter of 1878, the parishioners of Sainte Marie Madeleine, Quebec, performed a miracle of sorts. They built an ice bridge across the St. Lawrence at Cap-de-la-Madeleine. It seems their 200 year old church was in need of expansion and repairs, and getting materials across the river posed a problem. That is, until the 'Vicaire' and the entire community of hardy, innovative souls built an ice bridge. For eight days and nights, they moved a reported 150 tons of stones across that bridge.

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WILDLIFE

and trapping licences have called the tune. "The provincial emphasis has always been on species of economic value," notes MacAlpine, who helped compile a list of vulnerable species in New Brunswick. The other species were considered "oddball" and "just fell through the cracks."

One bright spot has been the creation of federal and provincial wildlife management areas. "Protecting animals in sanctuaries, where you cannot manipulate the habitat, is an outmoded concept," says Austin-Smith. Game sanctuaries are meant to preserve wildlife as is, and the laws governing them prevent human interference. "In the 12 management areas created in Nova Scotia since the 1960s we can do some active management, like building eider duck nest boxes and cutting brush on the eastern shore islands." But overall, when it comes to protecting significant natural areas, the provinces have been lax, as shown by the stall in the creation of ecological reserves.

Much of the enthusiasm for habitat protection today comes from a growing number of non-government organizations such as the Nature Conservancy of Canada, the Canadian Nature Federation, the Island Nature Trust of P.E.I., the Newfoundland and Labrador Wilderness Society, the Bird Society of Nova Scotia and Ducks Unlimited (Canada). These groups try to buy or lease land, or to set up agreements with private landowners for its protection. Often the longterm goal is to turn purchased areas over to governments for future protection. Many of these groups see their role as short term — to protect habitat at a crucial time in the hope that government will eventually introduce permanent measures. Ducks Unlimited, a special-interest group not always appreciated by other conservationists since it's financed by duck hunters of the pin-stripe suit variety, signs agreements with landowners to preserve wetlands.

And in Prince Edward Island, where almost all of the land is privately owned, and 50 per cent of it is farmland, the efforts of the Island Nature Trust are urgent. The original forest remains in only small woodlots, and the Trust keeps files on important sites which they have not yet been able to secure. A couple have been acquired so far by the group, which relies on private donations.

Two ambitious efforts to establish similar organizations in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are just beginning.

Hal Hinds, a botanist at the University of New Brunswick and president of the N.B. Federation of Naturalists, has been crisscrossing the province for ten years, drawing up a list of rare plants and identifying key natural areas. To help preserve these sites, he envisions a "New Brunswick Nature Trust" along the lines of the P.E.I. model. "We want to involve the landowners in conservation, and only purchase sites that are faced with development," Hinds explains. "Some of these sites

we hope can serve as refuges for the spread of rare species, such as the Furbish's lousewort in the St. John River Valley."

In Nova Scotia, Pierre Taschereau foresees a "mega-conservation strategy" for the southern part of the province. "We need to take a hard look at the area, which has the coastal plain flora and also relicts of the uncut 'old growth' forest which contain rare animals like the Blandings turtle and the southern flying squirrel. This is a chance to save some of the original forest which has largely disappeared from the Great Lakes to Nova Scotia."

Taschereau proposes a Coastal Plain Canada project, similar to Carolinian Canada, which protects a natural area in southern Ontario. One step in this direction, besides the proposal for an ecological reserve, has been the lease of a spot on the Tusket Lakes to the Nature Conservancy of Canada by the Bowater Mersey Paper Co. for one dollar a year. Pulp companies, traditionally the bugbear of conservationists, have in many ways become more co-operative in recent years as they realize the public relations value of conservation.

Under the mega-strategy, Taschereau would like to see private conservation groups work together with universities, government agencies and sportsmen. "Many of these groups don't know the others exist," he says. "And naturalists should put aside their dislike for hunters and anglers, many of whom really appreciate the outdoors and become very knowledgeable."



Taschereau has a personal interest in such a project. In 1968 he discovered the sweet pepperbush, a member of the coastal plain flora, on the shore of one of the Tusket Lakes. In 1986 COSEWIC approved his recommendation that the plant be listed as threatened.

The sweet pepperbush stands as a symbol of the potential value of rare and vulnerable species. Taschereau points out that the plant contains compounds that mimic the juvenile hormones of insects — hormones that keep the insects from reaching the adult stage. "For this reason the sweet pepperbush may be used to develop a generation of safe pesticides," he suggests. The leaves of the pepperbush also accumulate minerals from the soil, he adds, and so can be useful indicators of soil nutrient content to foresters. "As the U.S. habitat of the coastal plain flora

is rapidly lost to urban sprawl," he says, "the surviving Nova Scotia sites become increasingly important."

Scientists have many reasons for wanting to preserve even the most obscure species. One of the most dramatic is that 40 per cent of the medicines used today come from research originally done on plants, work that is just beginning. Another is that the present rush of habitat destruction removes the diversity needed to give evolution a chance to replace the many species becoming extinct today.

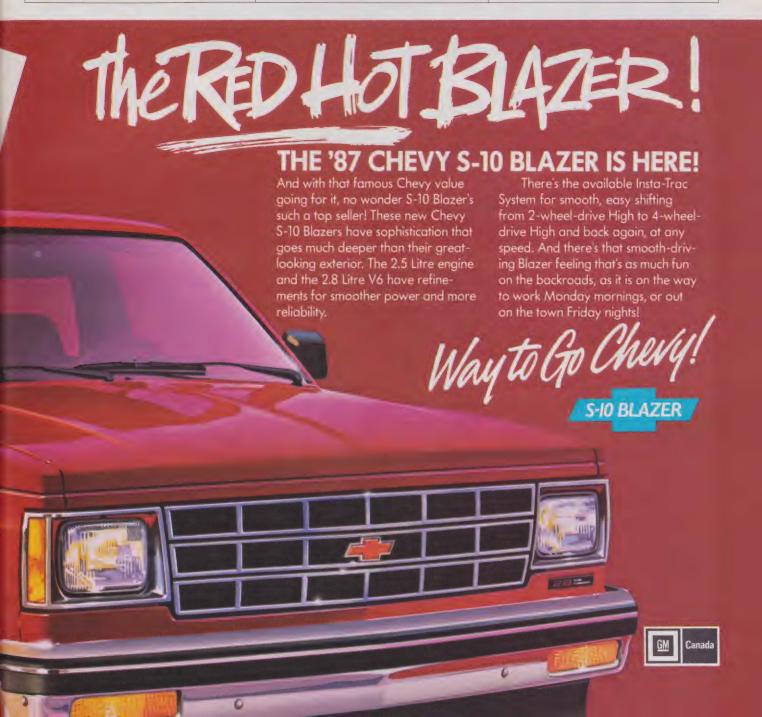
In the end, the decision to protect animals, plants and their habitats must be made by individuals, and voters. "It's a question of community standards," says Peter Austin-Smith.

Examples from the past show that progress is possible. "Since Canada has protected its marine mammals," recounts

Paul Brodie, a whale specialist at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography in Nova Scotia, "the creatures have rebounded to the point where people in the Atlantic Provinces are significantly outnumbered by whales and seals."

But with every passing year another site identified by the International Biological Program is no longer worth preserving as an ecological reserve as it falls to the axe, the cottage developer or the all-terrain-vehicle gang. Every year the COSEWIC lists grow longer and governments get stingier.

Should we preserve endangered species? Here is one man's answer. "In Newfoundland we have been stung a few times," says Joe Brazil. "We have lost the great auk, the Labrador duck and the Newfoundland wolf. We have these ghosts to spur us on."



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EDUCATION



Job-conscious East Coast students cram the classrooms Universities were supposed to be half empty by now. Instead they are filled with students preparing themselves for a tough job market

hen the children of the baby boom graduate, the experts used to say, enrolment at Atlantic universities will begin to drop off. But the baby boomers have indeed graduated, and enrolment hasn't dwindled at all. To the contrary, it's risen dramatically, with a 34 per cent jump since 1980. That's an increase of more than 12,000 students — the equivalent of the student bodies of Acadia, St. Francis Xavier and the University of New Brunswick rolled into one.

The classrooms that were expected to be partly empty are now overcrowded instead. Many universities and community colleges say they're being forced to raise entrance standards and to restrict the number of students in some courses. Classes are larger than they used to be, and some are being held in rooms originally designed as student lounges. At the same time, laboratory facilities are in short supply for science and engineering classes.

Some of the influx is because of an increase in the number of "mature students" — people of all ages who have returned full or part time to the classroom. But John Keston, executive director of the Association of Atlantic Universities, says, "the major factor is more high school graduates going right into university."

Why are they going to university in unexpectedly large numbers? Keston says his "best guess" is that the anticipated tapering-off of enrolment — expected to begin three or four years ago — "has been delayed by the economy." Simply, he says, there are no jobs for high school graduates to go to and they're continuing their education.

That's the best guess of most people in the education field, and high school students going on for post-secondary studies tend to confirm that employment is foremost on their minds, although they do recognize that a diploma or degree won't guarantee a job either.

With youth unemployment at 30 per cent and higher in many parts of Atlantic Canada "some students are saying they might as well be in university as unemployed," says Michael Springer, a student services consultant with the New Brunswick department of education.

And universities are only one part of the story. Young people are flocking to the region's community colleges in record numbers too. There, post-secondary courses ranging from short-term to two-year diploma programs are offered in a wide range of vocations including nursing, law enforcement, carpentry, culinary arts, mechanics, electrical engineering and sea-going trades. Dermot Mulrooney, who's in charge of technical and vocational training programs for the Nova Scotia government, says enrolment has increased at a rate "very similar" to the 34 per cent reported by Atlantic universities.

"There's no doubt in my mind," adds Michael Springer, "that education is becoming more important to young people when they look at the chances they have of getting a job." Guidance counsellors, teachers and high school principals are stressing the importance of education and more students than ever are completing Grade 12

Colin Craig is a guidance counsellor at Carleton North Senior High School in Bristol, N.B., in the St. John River Valley.

He says the students he sees every day in his office realize that a Grade 12 diploma is no longer a ticket to a job. "There are virtually no employment opportunities for the graduate right out of high school," says Craig. "There are hardly any jobs at all, even just labor jobs, where they don't even need a high school diploma. There's nothing for them after Grade 12."

Of the 136 graduates in the class of '86 at Carleton North, 92 — 69 per cent — are going on to university or community college. "Five years ago I doubt we would have hit 50 per cent," says Principal Russell Cook. Now the only students who are not going on, he says, "are those that are getting married, or live on farms and have work there or have a job already lined up."

John Wheelock, principal of Hants North Rural High School near Stewiacke, N.S., says many students place a high priority on post-secondary education as a result of the region's preoccupation with unemployment. "Their concern is genuine, and it all gets back to economics." Only ten of Hants North's graduating class of 35 students are entering post-secondary institutions this fall, but Wheelock says that's still a high percentage for his school.

Donald Aker was one of Hants North's graduates in the spring. He says the stiff competition for jobs in Atlantic Canada was the main reason he decided to enter Saint Mary's University in Halifax as a commerce student. Stephanie Kelly, who graduated from Carleton North in Bristol in June, says she entered pharmacy school at Dalhousie University for the same reason. "I decided it was the

EDUCATION

only way to get a job."

Both Aker and Kelly have taken out student loans and they say they're willing to risk that the education will be worth the cost. Dalhousie has one of the highest tuition fees in Canada now, at \$1,630 a year and Saint Mary's, also in Halifax, isn't far behind at \$1,525. "I hope it will pay off in the future," says Aker. "I like to think of it as an investment, something that will hopefully give me a return."

Student politicians have made the high cost of university education one of their primary issues on every campus in Atlantic Canada, but their warning cries of 1980—that the costs were increasing so rapidly that enrolment would drop—have not been borne out. Barney Savage, chairperson of the Students Union of Nova Scotia, says high tuition rates are still a priority for student politicians. It's difficult, he says, to measure the deterrent effect of those costs because the students who can't afford higher education may decide early in their high school years that they're not going to make it. "So they don't even consider it."

Savage isn't surprised by the current emphasis on jobs and career training. "People around here have been employment-conscious for years. Everyone talks about it, and everyone thinks about getting a job." He says this emphasis may be eroding the ideal that education is good for its intrinsic value. But if so, he thinks

it's understandable. He offers the example of a rural community where unemployment is high, but where money for secondary schooling is also very tight. "The guidance counsellor isn't going to use any highfalutin' ideas about the value

use any highfalutin' ideas about the value of an education for its own sake. He or she is going to say that's how a student

can get a job."

The unemployment rate and the focus on education has done much to raise the profile of guidance counsellors. In New Brunswick, for example, the government has increased the budget for guidance services in the schools from \$250,000 five years ago to more than \$2 million in 1986.

In the past few years Michael Springer has noticed another trend: an increase in the number of graduates who return to high school to earn the necessary credits to get into university or community college, or to repeat courses to raise their academic standings. Colin Craig confirms this. Five years ago, he says, there were only four or five "post-graduates" returning for a second chance at Grade 12 in Carleton North. Now there are 15 or 20. Springer adds that the trend is most apparent in areas of high unemployment. especially in Newcastle, Chatham and some smaller towns in the upper St. John River Valley. "Some of the students had been living with the myth that they could get their Grade 12 diploma and then find a job. Then they graduated and ran right into a reality that says, 'My God, there aren't any jobs.' So they came back to high school.'

Springer says he wants the government to help students become better prepared before they leave school in the first place. "They need more information about the world outside, and that information has to be better. That is why I hope career development will become a mandatory part of the student course load."

But all the career counselling in the world won't help if there isn't enough room in universities and community colleges to meet the demand for post-secondary education. John Keston says the increase in enrolment has meant increases in the number of students in every faculty, every class and every program. The supply just can't meet the demand.

The smaller institutions are especially pressured. At the University College of Cape Breton in Sydney, for example, more than 615 students enrolled in 1980 to pursue a degree in arts or science. By 1986 that number had more than doubled

to 1,337.

Registrar Deanne Dennison says the university has requested funding from the Nova Scotia government to enlarge its facilities. "The study areas have to accommodate more students than ever before, and it's the same thing with the cafeteria. It just can't hold all the students, even with a staggered lunch break. It was only meant for 500. And if you had to call an emergency meeting right now, you wouldn't be able to find a room. Every one is taken up with a class."

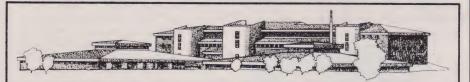
Universities and colleges are struggling to maintain a high standard of education as the number of students rises, says John Keston. "We welcome the increase," he says. "We don't like to turn away qualified people." But he warns that unless government funding to universities increases, enrolment restrictions will be-

come more severe.

Without more money, "The enrolment limits already in place in certain areas will spread to cover every program offered."

Atlantic universities have been forced to deal with cutbacks because of tight budgets over the past decade. Some of this has been good, says Keston, noting that they've restricted administrative expenses and that the buildings are now more energy-efficient. But in general, he says, the cutbacks mean the universities are less well-equipped than they might be to deal with the influx of students. "They have to worry about updating their teaching staff, working with computers that are outdated and using lab equipment that is too old. Some have even delayed maintenance on their buildings for a few years, until they can find money.'

If universities and community colleges continue to raise entrance requirements to limit their enrolments, many students may find themselves stranded outside the gates. And, as Keston points out with concern, nobody wants that to happen.



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Kids in the kitchen

Start them out hungry but don't let them eat the cookie dough, and try not to interfere. Take tips like these, add recipes from special cookbooks and mix well. Cooking with children can be a happy experience.

by Elaine Elliot and Virginia Lee
ost children are in the kitchen
from a very early age. At first
they cook vicariously; they see
what the parent is doing and then want
to do it themselves," says Liz Crocker,
mother, author of children's stories and
bookstore owner.

Children love to cook; they love mixing, pouring, breaking eggs, licking beaters and especially watching the oven door. Seeing cookies spread, cakes rise, casseroles bubble and breathing in delicious aromas are all more rewarding because they've done it themselves.

Liz Crocker has been cooking with her children, Catherine, age nine and Susan, who is six, since they were two-year-olds. She feels that even the simple tasks young children perform such as shelling peas, stirring jello, spreading butter or tearing lettuce for salads are important. They give an opportunity for relaxed conversation with parents, and help to develop fine motor co-ordination.

Later, as children become older and more competent, Crocker says, "It's a challenge for keen parents to find out what is of interest and productive for them. You have to move toward more nutritional foods and get away from always baking with chocolate chips and peanut butter." The path from mudcakes to gourmet meals requires experience in the kitchen. Depending upon children's ages, they can become involved with setting the table, cleanup, meal planning, buying groceries, and ultimately, cooking for themselves.

The Crockers' bright, family-oriented kitchen with children's art taped to the refrigerator and cupboards is a fun place and Catherine and Susan both love to be

there. They cook when the weather keeps them indoors, for family birthdays and always for special occasions like Christmas, Valentine's Day and Easter. Sometimes they get more elaborately involved — one Christmas they decided to make gingerbread houses. The recipe proved so abundant that there was enough left over for four or five gingerbread house gifts for friends. Crocker smiles as she says, "The children look forward to sharing their food with friends who are sick, classmates and family."

Catherine's favorite recipe is for chocolate peanut butter bunnies from her own special cookbook, Fun in the Kitchen by Angela Clubb. A good source of recipes for children is from well-written children's cookbooks. Their instructions are detailed, and they are compiled with children's tastes and capabilities in mind, but Liz Crocker adds, "I use my own cookbooks too, remembering the children's abilities. If the recipe is too involved we don't use it."

Trudy Carey, manager of Woozles bookstore in Halifax says, "Adults are the ones who buy children's cookbooks." Her most popular sellers are Pepper Makes me Sneeze (Nimbus Publishing), The Anne of Green Gables Cookbook (Oxford University Press Canada 1985), Fun in the Kitchen (Irwin Press), and the standard Better Homes and Gardens Junior Cookbook. "These are good gifts for special occasions," says Carey.

Liz Crocker contends that she is not

Liz Crocker contends that she is not a "supermom" and she knows lots of parents who cook with their children, finding it fun, rewarding, at times frustrating, and always interesting. Some of her special hints will make cooking with children easier and more enjoyable —



- start them hungry as children are more apt to stay with the task, but also have some finger foods handy so that the cookie dough doesn't get eaten before it's cooked
- take the phone off the hook and be prepared to devote lots of time and carry through if their interest wanes
- make sure everyone washes their hands before beginning to cook
- read the recipe through so that you will know what you need and how long it will take
- kitchen tools and appliances can be dangerous so use them with care and be sure to use oven mitts
- talk while you cook explain what you are doing and why
- have a chat with yourself not to interfere. The desire for you to do it faster or better is quite a temptation, but resist or the final product won't be theirs
- re-read the recipe before cooking with all the hubbub you may miss an ingredient
- clean up and enjoy what you've made



Liz Crocker breaks her own rule to answer the phone, but cooking is over and tasting begins

From The Anne of Green Gables Cookbook by Kate Macdonald, Liz Crocker and her children, Catherine and Susan, prepare Diana Barry's Favorite Raspberry Cordial and Poetical Egg Salad Sandwiches. Angela Clubb's Fun in the Kitchen is the source for Catherine and Susan's favorite sweet, Chocolate Peanut Butter Bunnies.

Diana Barry's Favorite Raspberry Cordial

Ingredients:

2 packages frozen unsweetened raspberries

1¹/4 cups sugar

4 cups boiling water

3 lemons

You will need: large saucepan, measuring cups, wooden spoon, potato masher, wire strainer.

Method:

- 1. Put the unthawed raspberries into the saucepan and add the sugar.
- 2. Cook over medium heat, stirring once

- in a while, for 20 to 25 minutes, until the sugar has dissolved.
- 3. With the potato masher, mash the raspberries and syrup thoroughly.
- Pour the mixture through the strainer, making sure you extract all the juice. Discard the pulp.
- 5. Squeeze two of the lemons and strain the juice. Add it to the raspberry juice.
- 6. Boil four cups of water and add it to the raspberry juice.
- 7. Let the raspberry cordial cool, then chill it in the refrigerator.
- 8. When the coridal is ready to serve, float a thin slice of lemon in each glass.

Poetical Egg Salad Sandwiches

Ingredients:

4 eggs

1 celery stalk

3 tbsp. mayonnaise

1/2 tsp. salt

a pinch of pepper

1/4 cup softened butter2 tbsp. dried mint or dried parsley

8 slices of fresh bread

You will need: saucepan with lid, cold water, knife for chopping, cutting board, small mixing bowl, fork, measuring spoons and cups, small bowl, large cookie cutter, small plastic bag, table knife.

 In a small saucepan cover the eggs with cold water — at least one inch above the eggs. Place the saucepan over high heat and bring water to a boil.

 Remove the saucepan from the heat and cover it. Let the eggs stand in the hot water for 25 minutes. Uncover the saucepan and put it under cold running water for ten minutes to cool the eggs.

3. Meanwhile, wash the celery stalk under cold running water. Chop it into tiny pieces on the cutting board.

4. Peel the eggs. Add them with the chopped celery to the small mixing bowl and mash them together with the fork.

 Stir the mayonnaise, salt and pepper into the egg mixture. Set the egg salad in the refrigerator.

 Mix the softened butter with the dried mint or parsley in the small bowl. Set it aside.

Cut each slice of bread with the large cookie cutter. Save the bread scraps in a little plastic bag for bread crumbs.

8. Butter one side of each bread shape with the minted butter. On half of the bread shapes, spread the egg salad. Place the other half of the bread shapes on top. Makes four poetical sandwiches.

Chocolate Peanut Butter Bunnies

Dough:

1/2 cup butter, softened

1 cup smooth peanut butter at room temperature

2¹/₄ to 2¹/₂ cups unsifted icing sugar Decorations:

24 whole raw almonds, unhusked 24 whole raw hazelnuts, unhusked

1/2 to 3/4 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
 1. Dough: Place ingredients in a large bowl and combine with fingertips. Knead briefly to form a smooth dough. Shape dough into 24 balls, about 11/2 inches in diameter. Place

balls on a baking sheet lined with wax

2. Decorations: Take one ball and place on a small piece of wax paper. With fingers, shape into a mound, resembling a crouched bunny. Press 2 almonds into top front portion to make long ears. Slant almonds back slightly. Press hazelnut into back end for tail. Return bunny to baking sheet. Repeat until all bunnies are shaped and have ears and tails. Freeze bunnies on baking sheet for about a half-hour. In the top of a double boiler, melt chocolate chips over hot, not boiling water. Taking one bunny at a time, dip its nose into melted chocolate. Return to baking sheet to set. Using a small spreader, cover tips of ears with remaining chocolate.

 Refrigerate bunnies on baking sheet until firm. Store in a covered container in refrigerator, between sheets of foil. Makes about 24 bunnies. Atlantic Insight is proud to announce a recipe contest that is distinctly regional. The idea of our Heritage Recipe Contest is to gather treasured family recipes featuring local produce and to learn how you have adapted these recipes for today's tastes and lifestyles.

The Atlantic Provinces are rich in the produce of farms and gardens, in the bounty of the ocean, rivers and lakes and in the game, plants and berries of the forests. These regional specialities have long been the main ingredients of favorite family dishes. Today they are used in innovative ways that offer exciting tastes adapted from traditional ideas — a new heritage in the making. We would like to give you

the opportunity to share these recipes with us and qualify for some wonderful prizes at the same time.

The July 1987 issue of **Atlantic Insight** will feature the winning recipes along with your stories that make them so special.

Twelve prize-winning recipes will be selected, and each of the prize winners will receive a special collection of cookbooks with a retail value of \$200.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

- 1. Recipe must feature and identify at least one ingredient grown or produced in Atlantic Canada.
- Each entry must be accompanied by a brief description of the heritage, ethnic origin or history of the recipe (at least 50 words).
- 3. Recipe must be original or one you have adapted.
- Entry must state appropriate food category (see categories listed).
- 5. Please supply either imperial or metric measure.
- 6. All entries become the property of Insight Publishing Limited and will not be returned. We may modify entry as appropriate for publication.
- 7. Recipe must not contain brand names.
- Entries should be postmarked no later than January 31, 1987.
- Enter as many recipes as you wish. Each recipe must be accompanied by a separate entry form or facsimile for eligibility.
- 10. Decision of the judges is final.
- 11. Contest is open to any Canadian resident, except employees of Insight Publishing Limited, or sponsors of the contest and their employees.
- 12. Each entry must be signed by entrant to confirm acceptance that he/she grants Insight Publishing Limited the right to publish entry without compensation.
- 13. Recipes must be submitted along with entry form, legibly written, printed or preferably typed (double spaced) on white 8 ½ " × 11" paper.
- 14. Entrant must be willing to participate in the promotional event relating to the contest.

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Eggs, Meat, Fish and Poultry

Main dishes using eggs, lamb, veal, pork, poultry, game, fish and seafood; barbecue favorites too.

Soups, Chowders and Casseroles

Recipes using vegetables, meat, fish, poultry or game (including pasta and rice).

Appetizers, Salads and Vegetables

Recipes for appetizers and salads made with fruit, vegetables, potatoes, pasta, meat, fish or poultry; vegetable dishes, including mushrooms.

Breads and Muffins

Recipes for yeast and quick breads, muffins and biscuits.

Jams, Jellies and Preserves

Recipes using fruit or vegetables, including relishes and pickles.

Desserts and Sweets

Recipes for cakes, cookies, pastries, puddings, ice cream, fruit and candy.

Send entries to:

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BUSINESS

Making high-quality knives in the Old World tradition

Grohmann Knives, of Pictou, is a small family business with a big reputation. Their knives are sold on three continents. One even made it to the Museum of Modern Art in New York

by Ann Sherrington udolph Grohmann was not a man to give up on a dream. In 1956 the master knife-maker from Czechoslovakia decided it was time that he stop working for others and start making knives on his own. He was 62 years old.

Grohmann's dream grew into a company, Grohmann Knives Ltd., which now operates out of an office and plant on elm tree-lined Water Street in Pictou, on Nova Scotia's north shore. When Rudolph Grohmann died eight years ago the company had established itself as a small operation, but one with a solid reputation. Since then it's continued to succeed. Today, Grohmann Knives employs 17 people and grosses half a million dollars a year shipping kitchen knives and professional chefs knives across Canada, and hunting knives as far afield as Norway, New Zealand, Great Britain, Australia and Kuwait.

The company began as a family effort in a garage workshop in Pictou and it's still a family-run enterprise: company president Mike Babinec is Rudolph's sonin-law and his wife Bertha, Rudolph's daughter, manages the office with their sons Mike Jr. as comptroller, Roland as production manager, and Norm, who's a specialist in heat-treating steel. In the summer, Norm also acts as factory guide for tourists. Meanwhile, Mike Jr.'s wife, June, manages the company's retail store, Knife World, in New Glasgow, N.S., and their children — Rudolph Grohmann's great-grandchildren — help out as school schedules allow.

"We're very lucky to have three sons who are all interested in the business," Bertha Babinec says. "Very often children go other ways. My father taught them to make knives, just like he had taught my husband. They liked it and it kind of grew on them."

It's an Old World story that began before the Second World War, when a commercial buyer from Quebec used to travel once a year to a factory in Sudetenland, then a German region of Czechoslovakia, to buy pocket knives. Rudolph Grohmann was production manager at the factory, and every year the buyer would urge him to come to Canada, promising he'd help him to get started here. But as Bertha Babinec ex-

plains, "My father would say, 'No, I have all I need where I am." After the war the political situation grew desperate for Sudeten Germans like Grohmann — more than two million were deported from their homeland. In 1949 the Canadian returned; his first trip since the beginning of the war. This time, recalls Babinec, "My father said, 'I'm ready now to take your offer."

The Canadian was as good as his word and within a year Rudolph Grohmann arrived in Nova Scotia at the invitation of the provincial government, to be production manager at the government-funded Pictou Cutlery, an early attempt at economic diversification. With Grohmann came his family including Bertha, then 25, and her husband, Mike Babinec. Pictou Cutlery was an ambitious project, she recalls, with 45 employees and new machinery imported from England. But it lasted only three years, closing, she says, due to "lack of orders and too high prices."

Left without employment in an unfamiliar land, the Grohmanns and Babinecs found work wherever they could get it — in local shipyards, a cookie factory that used to operate in the area and finally at Fairey Aviation in Dartmouth,

more than 100 miles away. Then, as his daughter recalls, Rudolph Grohmann put his foot down. "He said, 'I have had enough. I came to Canada to make knives, and I am going to make them." He built a workshop in his garage and began to produce a folding, engraved hunting knife — one that he had designed himself.

Every Saturday, Bertha Babinec and a nephew sold the knife door to door. But their efforts were hampered, she says, by their poor knowledge of English and of Canadian ways. "We had knives but we didn't have any idea how to market or distribute our product." One day, she recalls, someone asked her if she had a sales licence. "We didn't know about that. After that we didn't go door to door anymore."

Then she saw a newspaper article about Dean Russell, who owned a knife shop in Ottawa that carried knives from all over the world. "I said to my father, 'This is the man we need,' and I wrote to him in my poor English." That letter proved a turning point. Russell came to Pictou, and together he and Grohmann designed a hunting knife. They made half a dozen prototypes, sent them to hunters and trappers across the North, got suggestions, changed the design, and sent new prototypes until the hunters and trappers were satisfied.

The result, the Russell belt knife No. 1— a lightweight sheath knife with a four-inch blade and moulded handle— has been a steady seller ever since. Introduced in 1957, it won the National Industrial Design Council Award in 1958, was displayed at the world's fair in Brussels and, because of its unique design, was exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.



Bertha Babinec says a top-quality knife takes 42 steps. The grinding is done by hand

BUSINESS

In 1961 the family formed Grohmann Knives Ltd. with two Pictou businessmen Allan and Jim Ferguson of Ferguson Industries — and other shareholders from Halifax. They moved out of the garage and into a plant owned by the Fergusons. And, as always, the whole family helped. "We cleaned, we packed, we worked Sundays to fill orders." The company introduced more hunting knives, special order industrial knives and army knives. (For example, the army uses Grohmann's two-foot snow knife to cut blocks for igloos.) They also landed an unusual contract — to produce authentic reproductions of 18th century cutlery for the historical reconstruction at Fortress Louisbourg. And, thanks to Dean Russell's extensive distribution network sales expanded into the U.S., Australia and Europe. In 1969 the family bought out the business and four years later moved to their present location.

Bertha Babinec points out that top quality knives are not produced in a hurry. At Grohmann there are 42 steps between starting point — a nine-by-eighteen-inch piece of steel — and finished product. "Vocational schools don't teach the skills we need," she says. "It takes us three years to train somebody in our process. You have to be fussy and have the patience to stick to it."

The company imports stainless steels from West Germany. "No mills in

Canada produce the steel we need," explains Norm Babinec. "We've made knives from steel from all over, had them tested, and the German steel has always been the best." It takes 45 tons of pressure to cut eight or nine knife tangs from each steel sheet - like a cookie cutter. Meanwhile, workers sit at a row of seven small power grinders and buffers. This is where the "fussy" work takes place: patient grinding that gradually bevels the cutting edge to a 20-degree angle in a dramatic flare of sparks. "It's got to be done by hand," Norm Babinec continues. "Most of our blades are curved. Machines do a poor job with a curved blade." The blade is tempered and the grinding is repeated.

Leather cases for knives are purchased locally but most of the wood for handles is imported. Babinec says that dense, tropical rosewood holds its shape when wet and polishes to a satiny, uncrackable surface. Unfortunately, local hardwood makes a poor handle. "It's porous, so it's open to bacteria," he explains. "It shrinks and swells with the humidity and it works loose, like an axe handle."

Bertha Babinec notes that the market for quality knives has its limits. "You can't manufacture a knife and sell it for a dollar." But she adds that the company is growing at a rate of about ten per cent every year. At Grohmann it's a matter of pride in one's craft. And it's also a family tradition.

Poutine rapée as big business

Poutine rapée is a grey lump of grated potatoes and pork boiled to the consistency of glue. But a New Brunswick food processing company has built a small empire on this unlikely delicacy

by Sue Calhoun erge Lajoie, 30, of Saint-Antoine has been up to his elbows in grated potato for as long as he can remember.

The boyish general manager of Claude Acadian Fricot Ltd. is the eldest son of Claude Lajoie, a CN employee who started making poutine rapée, an Acadian delicacy, in his basement 20 years ago. "I can remember coming home from school and going down to the basement. We'd help out, mash potatoes, grate potatoes, whatever," says Serge, one of seven children in the family.

In Acadian villages along the coast from Moncton to the Baie des Chaleurs, there is usually at least one person who

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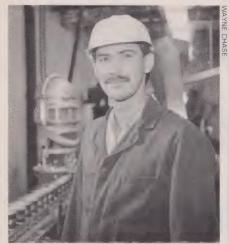






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Lajoie can't keep up with the demand

makes these glutinous balls of potatoes and diced pork that are the traditional dish of Acadians in the area. Claude Lajoie began his business by selling poutine rapée in hospitals, senior citizens homes and restaurants. But demand quickly grew until he had not only his children, but also eight employees working in the cramped basement quarters.

In 1969, he registered the company under the name Claude Poutines Rapées. Poutine makers may be common, but Claude Lajoie had come up with something new: a formula for putting poutines into cans, and thereby onto the market. Lajoie's canning method is still a well-kept secret, according to his son. And as Acadians, like everyone else, have turned away from home cooking in favor of more convenient store-bought foods, the operation has become a million-dollar business. In 1976 a second product, chicken fricot, was added, and the company name changed. It moved out of the basement into a plant and the staff was doubled.

Claude Lajoie is now semi-retired. Four years ago he sold the company, in its sprawling plant behind his home, to Raoul LeBlanc, another Saint-Antoine businessman. Serge Lajoie, who runs the business, says his father always said he didn't want to work after the age of 50. With 20 employees working year-round, the company is the largest employer in the Acadian village of 1,200 people, about 25

miles north of Moncton.

The lack of competition has been one of the secrets of success. No one else makes poutine rapée in a can. Perhaps the surprising thing is that anyone bothered to do so at all since in order to appreciate the traditional dish, one almost has to be Acadian. Indeed, even more specifically, it's popular mainly among Acadians who live within a 100-mile radius of Moncton. Made from a combination of grated and mashed potatoes, with bits of pork on the inside, poutine rapée is grey in color, about the size of an orange and has the consistency of glue. Making poutines takes several hours and a lot of talent, since they can literally blow up during cooking if they haven't been properly constructed.

It's believed the dish was brought to

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BUSINESS

the area by Germans who came from Pennsylvania in the 18th century. From Baie-Ste-Anne to Memramcook, no Acadian fête would be complete without poutine rapée, but Acadians from other parts of the Maritimes tend to ignore or disdain it.

Despite these obvious limitations, however, poutines made up roughly 40 per cent of the company's sales last year, which Serge Lajoie says were well over a million dollars. Almost all the poutines were sold in and around Moncton, except for those exported to French communities near Boston and others which were grabbed up by displaced New Brunswick Acadians visiting the area on vacation. "They buy it by the caseload and take it home," says Lajoie, who regularly receives inquiries from across the continent. "Here is a letter I just got today from California," he adds, shuffling through papers on his desk. "They want to know where they can buy our product? He points out, however, that the company's second product, chicken fricot, has a much broader appeal.

Also an Acadian specialty, fricot is halfway between a soup and a stew. Lajoie says that chicken fricot, a distinctive chicken and potato dish, has been able to tread where poutines dare not go. Earlier this year, he served it at a major food show in Montreal; it's now selling in half a dozen stores in that city. The company has recently started making beef

fricot as well.

Lajoie believes success is due to good quality and the use of fresh products, usually from New Brunswick. His major marketing strategy for fricot has been instore demonstrations all over the Maritimes. "We think that if you taste it, you're going to like it. And you're going to buy it a second time," Lajoie says. The product is handled by all the major wholesalers in the region, including Atlantic Wholesalers, Co-op Atlantic, Willett Foods and Sobey's.

Serge Lajoie is reticent to say whether he'd like, one day, to buy back his father's business. But he isn't shy about saying that he'd like to see the company expand. He admits that the poutine market is

rapidly becoming saturated.

But the same isn't true for chicken and beef fricot. Right now, Lajoie is trying to sell these products to Provigo, the largest food retailer in Quebec, a move that could double production at the Saint-Antoine plant which now puts out 3,000 28-ounce cans a day. As well, he wants to increase the Boston market, which accounts for ten per cent of total sales.

Despite even bigger plans for the future, the company continues to scramble to meet demand. In July, the plant's annual twoweek shutdown was called off because, says Lajoie, "we just couldn't keep up with orders." Poutine rapée and chicken fricot may be Acadian specialties, but for this small New Brunswick company, that's been more than enough.

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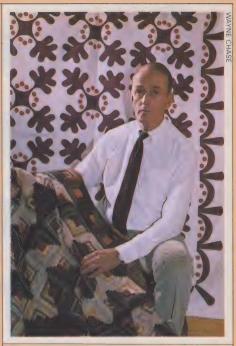
t's taken Libby Oughton five years to accomplish something that hadn't been done in more than half a century — publishing Anne of Green Gables in French. Oughton is present of Ragweed Press, the only full-time publishing house

Oughton: publishing Anne of Green Gables in French

in Prince Edward Island. She says she was surprised to learn from French-speaking tourists on the Island that they couldn't locate Lucy Maud Montgomery's classic story in their own language. She did some research and discovered Anne had been published in about 40 languages around the world, but the only complete version in French had been put out by a Swiss company in 1925. Oughton promptly decided to do something about that but, looking back, she says she had no idea how long it would take. "The rights to Anne are very complicated," she explains, because Montgomery sold all rights to her publishing company, which was later bought out by a large American firm. After four years of phone calls and letters back and forth, she was able to go ahead with the book. The translation, by Henri Dominique Paratte of Wolfville, N.S., took another year. There are lots of indigenous P.E.I. words in *Anne* that were hard to translate, notes Oughton, who has co-published the new book with a Quebec company, Québec/Amérique. "How do you translate 'Lake of Shining Waters'?'' She adds that the precocious young heroine is famous for her love of big words and theatrical speeches which also had to be translated into French. Oughton points out that Anne, one of the best-loved books ever, is especially big in Poland and Japan. It became popular in Poland with male and

female readers alike during the Second World War, when people needed to turn to something positive and optimistic. "The story goes that they used to put a copy of the book in a knapsack of each soldier as he went off to war." In Japan, she muses, Anne takes readers to a "more simple, unindustrialized time." Canadians, it seems, are glad to see the book available in both national languages. Anne ...La Maison aux Pignons Verts rolled off the press this summer and sold 2,500 copies in just five weeks.

John Corey of Havelock, N.B., calls himself "a hopeless romantic" interested in the lifestyles of people "in our pre-industrial past." What he does, specifically, is collect quilts. Piled up in a linen closet are more than 150 antique



Corey owns 150 antique quilts

quilts and remnants of quilts, some dating back as far as 150 years ago. Although considerably deteriorated, Corey's quilts illustrate the ingenuity of the early settlers. Functional rather than attractive, the tops are pieced with scraps of old clothing, backed with homespun and stuffed with sheep's wool. Some of them were large enough to cover an entire family. His oldest, which he calls his "most precious," dates to about 1830 and is stitched with home-made thread. The change in quilting techniques, patterns and materials of the later 1800s reflected the increasingly established lives of the settlers. With time for activities which were more than just functional, they turned quilting into a social craft. "The stitching was allimportant," says Corey, 53. "Women prided themselves on the number of spools of thread they used in a quilt. Superstitions evolved such as the belief that one square should be askew, as only God could be perfect. It became customary for a young girl to have 13 quilt tops in her hope chest," he says. "Twelve for family and one special one for the guest room. The tops would be guilted up when she was engaged." Corey's been collecting quilts for 20 years. He also collects the clamps and boxes associated with quilting, as well as other handwork such as early weaving and blankets. He gets his quilts from antique dealers, and often people give them to him. With the growing interest in the craft over the past decade he finds himself in frequent demand as a judge and speaker at Maritime quilt shows. He says one thing he's learned is that patterns are surprisingly universal. "It's the names that change from one place to another." He mentions one traditional pattern, "the churndasher" in his area (named for part of a butter churn), that's known as "ship's wheel" in coastal New Brunswick and "hole in the barn door" in Ontario.





Tucker: a penchant for history

tto Tucker's passion for Newfoundland history started early. When he was a boy in Scilly Cove — now called Winterton — an outport on Trinity Bay, he says he liked to "listen to the old people talking about their grandparents and great-grandparents who had come over from England." Mostly they hailed from the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Devon and Wiltshire — the region writer Thomas Hardy named Wessex after an ancient Saxon kingdom. Tucker says the majority of Newfoundland's English settlers came from there. In 1984 he expressed his affection for this part of the province's history by creating a historical society called the Wessex Society. He explains that many of the settlers sailed to Newfoundland from the city of Poole, in Dorset county, 150 to 250 years ago and often, he points out, they were only 14 or 15 years old. First they came to fish in Trinity, Fogo and Bonavista bays and sailed back to England with their dried cod. Then, many of them settled in Newfoundland. The Wessex Society, which has about 100 members, is devoted to "bridging the gap and establishing a closer connection" between the two places. Last year Tucker and another society member, Cyril Poole, travelled to England to attend the founding meeting of a similar group — the Newfoundland Wessex Society in Poole. Tucker, who teaches in the education department at Memorial University, says history has always remained a hobby for him. He admits, however, that he encourages his students to take an interest in Newfoundland and its heritage. If it weren't for a twist of fate, Tucker's career might have been vastly different. He dropped out of school at about age 12, he says, to try his hand at fishing. But he failed because he couldn't shake his tendency to be seasick. At 15, he recalls, they sent him back to school. "I was the only son in the family, so if it weren't for that, I'd have been the skipper of a longliner before now."

his time last year the only panda bears 11-year-old **Shane Martell** had encountered were the kind you find in books. But since then he's seen the real thing at the Peking zoo. Shane, who's from Halifax, spent the past summer in China — the only Atlantic Canadian and the youngest member in a group of a dozen students and teachers. The group was brought together by the Canada-China Friendship Federation, a nationwide organization with an interest in travel and in learning about culture. "The Chinese people were real easy to get along with," Shane reports. "They'd read your name tag, then they'd want to speak English." The group spent their first week in Peking, where they took in sights including the Great Wall and the Summer Palace. Then it was on to Yantai, a city in northern China, where for five weeks they spent every morning studying the Chinese language. There was time for socializing on the trip as well, and Shane made friends with a boy his own age in Peking. The two now keep in contact by exchanging cassette recordings with some help from the Chinese boy's father, an interpreter. Shane was impressed by the pace of life in China. "I liked the art work," he says, "and how everybody took their time doing things, like calligraphy and the Chinese painting and sculpture." He says he saw signs of North American influence, such as the video arcade he visited in Peking. "But they don't have egg rolls in China," he grins. He says the egg rolls we're familiar with here are an American invention. Shane's trip to China grew out of his mother's interest in that country; Sharon Martell, who's involved in the friendship federation, explains that she and Shane have often acted as a host family for Chinese students attending school in Halifax. About her son's trip, she says it was a long time for a boy his age to be so far from home. But Shane, with typical 11-year-old aplomb, says he didn't have a chance to get lonely. "There was too much going on."



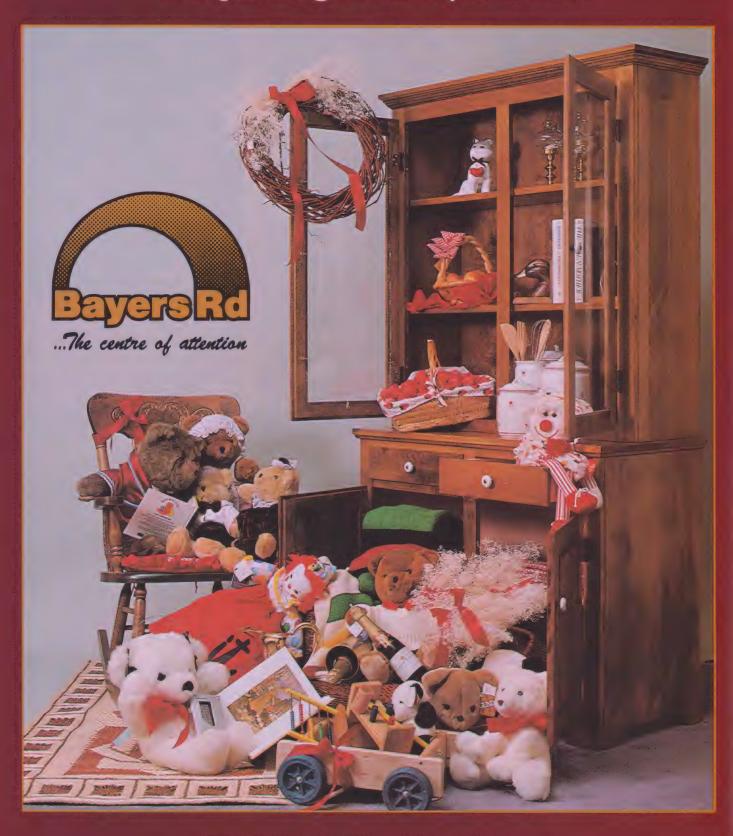
Shane Martell: memories of China



Hiltz of the volunteer fire brigade

arbara Hiltz of Bedford, N.S., never knows for sure if she'll be sleeping through the night. Often, she's awakened at two or three in the morning by the persistent sound of her beeper — a signal for her to jump out of bed, rush out the door and head for the fire station. Hiltz, 20, is the first female volunteer firefighter her community has ever had. Since joining the department several months ago she spends one evening every week at the training school, where volunteers practise dashing up 50-foot ladders and learn skills from rescue techniques to how to operate a hose. "I really like the first aid training," says Hiltz, adding that it's proven very useful. "The hardest thing is when you have to deal with someone who's hurt." And she points out that some of her calls involve rushing to the aid of a heart attack victim or to people who've been injured in a car crash. After putting in her first year with the department she'll be able to take on an additional challenge — learning how to drive the fire engines. Hiltz, who works for a local newspaper. the Daily News, says she's been fascinated by fire engines since age six, when she took a tour of a fire station with her Grade 1 class. Yet, when she applied to be a volunteer firefighter the five-foot-four, 115-pound Hiltz says she really didn't expect to be accepted. "I thought they'd turn me down because I'm a woman." But as Bedford fire chief Dave Selig points out, it doesn't work that way any more. There are no female firefighters in paid departments in the region but he says that this too is just a matter of time. The city of Toronto now has women in the job, and in the past five or six years several have joined volunteer departments in Atlantic Canada. Says Selig: "They're finding out that women are just as good firefighters as men."

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RALPH SURETTE'S COLUMN

A house of illusions comes down



A half-dozen dreams of wealth and glory through large energy projects have collapsed in Nova Scotia in recent times. Offshore gas is only the latest. It's time to stop chasing mirages

he demise of the oil and gas drilling program off Nova Scotia will not have been in vain if a particularly Nova Scotian strain of economic fantasy dies with it. The other Atlantic Provinces have become at least a little warv of the saving grace of large energy projects, but no such doubts have ever troubled the reveries of two successive Nova Scotia premiers.

The power of these projects to enthrall governments of Nova Scotia is both incredible and amazing. Had everything that was seriously pursued by premiers Gerald Regan and John Buchanan over the last two decades come to pass, Nova Scotia would have a petrochemical complex, a liquid natural gas terminal, massive tidal power dams, a dozen nuclear reactors on a small island off Shelburne County and undersea power cables and natural gas pipelines hither and yon. None of these has been realized. In fact, as the oil companies pull up stakes offshore, it's worth noting that the province's second favorite megaproject, tidal power, has fallen into ignominy. Multibillion dollar tidal power dams across the Bay of Fundy once throbbed with imminence, as Regan and Buchanan in their turn travelled the financial capitals drumming up headlines. It would happen in a few months, next spring, next year. Only Ottawa's rotten attitude was holding it up. Exasperated, Ottawa finally did cough up for a small pilot plant on the Annapolis River. Now farmers upriver want even that closed down because of damage to farmland caused by raised water levels.

The first reaction of Premier Buchanan and his energy minister, Joel Matheson, to the collapse of the offshore, has been to raise the political voltage. The pullout of the various drilling companies was simply "temporary," a matter of months, until world petroleum prices rise again. Anyone who says different is a "doomsayer." Not only that, but when it became obvious that the offshore sector was beginning to wane a few months ago, Buchanan came up, in the nick of time, with a new project presumably meant to entertain a megaproject-famished electorate until offshore drilling resumes: an underwater electric power cable from western Nova Scotia to Maine to carry coal-fired electricity from new power plants that would be built in Cape

Breton. The reaction from the public, the media and business has ranged from skepticism to stony silence. Things may be

changing in Nova Scotia.

It very likely doesn't matter now whether Buchanan and Matheson change their tune. The Buchanan government is probably finished, having not only tied its fortunes rhetorically to the offshore but, worse, having ignored the rising provincial debt in the early years, flushed with the euphoric notion that offshore revenue would fix everything - with the consequence that Nova Scotia now is in a worse debt position than Newfoundland, New Brunswick or P.E.I. Further, Nova Scotia Resources Ltd., the provincial petroleum Crown corporation is \$140 million in debt from its offshore investments.

When Shell Canada Ltd. announced the end of its drilling program in late September, with hundreds of jobs affected, a Conservative MP was quoted as saying, in tones of shock and dismay, that this meant natural gas off Nova Scotia will be brought ashore "only in the next century." That anyone in public life could truly have believed otherwise underlines the depth of the illusion.

When natural gas was discovered off Sable Island in 1979 the idea was that it would be brought ashore because of the perceived need for "security of supply."
The world was still skittish from the OPEC crisis of 1973, which included manyfold increases in petroleum prices and some shortages. Atlantic Canada was one of those places without a secure source of oil and gas and a little scare was on. It was considered worth paying extra for that security in case OPEC tried to "hold the world to ransom," as the saying went. But even in 1979 the "security of supply" problem was fading, and anyone who took a non-frenzied look at the project even then generally concluded that "the next century" was the more reasonable expectation.

It was inevitable, from the beginning, especially as long as no oil was found, that Ottawa would eventually stop pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into drilling off Nova Scotia. The 80 per cent federal subsidy to the oil companies would stop, as it did last year and drilling would stop as well, as it's doing. The province saw natural gas as an export project with its own economic merit. But the continent is awash with land-based natural gas to be had at a fraction of the price. Massive subsidies would be needed to bring natural gas ashore in a 180-mile pipeline. It would be a make-work project, and would likely be so even if prices were twice as high as they are now.

Another defunct project is worth mentioning in this connection. Remember the trans-Quebec and Maritimes pipeline of the early '80s? At a cost of \$2 billion, it was meant to supply "secure" natural gas to the Maritimes from the West. It was, by all appearances, ready to go. Rightof-way surveys were being made and the federal government's promise of funding looked firm. But fears about supply were declining while concern was increasing over the federal debt. As a veteran doomsayer, I predicted in a CBC radio commentary that the pipeline would not be built. An official with the pipeline company hit back, also on CBC radio. "What people like Surette don't understand . . .'' I've forgotten what it was I didn't understand. Just as well. Two weeks later the project was pronounced dead.

The point is that any large energy project that carries any whiff of the need for public subsidy is doomed. The overwhelming debt of federal and provincial governments ensures that if a project can't pay for itself it won't go ahead. This calculation makes even the Hibernia oil project off Newfoundland a doubtful one for the foreseeable future. The economic sluggishness associated with world debt also indicates that energy prices are un-

likely to rise significantly.

So Venture natural gas, tidal power, etc. etc. are dead and no political voodooism will bring them back to life. What's the harm? you ask. By hectoring and guilt-tripping Ottawa constantly, the province did get some goodies: including \$200 million given out this summer for "offshore development" but in fact to be

used for anything at all.

The problem is that these goodies are substitutes for regional development. Picking up its cue from John Buchanan primarily, Ottawa came to see offshore drilling and potential oil and gas development as the answer to the region's economic woes and cut back in other areas. So now offshore drilling's dead, and so is regional development. A new Nova Scotia government will have a blank drawing board and a near-bankrupt treasury with which to make a fresh start after the next election. Surely a little foresight could have given a better result than this.

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RAY GUY'S COLUMN

A charm-ridden coastal village to calm a ruffled city soul



n the whole catalogue of charm-ridden Atlantic villages so celebrated in song, story and regional magazine article, none stands closer to my own heart than Bung Hole Tickle on the wave-laved shores of G.D. Bay.

It was some dozen years ago on one of those perfect late-June days that I stumbled upon this sequestered hamlet and the magic realism of that moment would have taxed the brush of a Pratt (Chris, not Mary) or of a Colville. Many times since have I found myself drawn back to Bung Hole Tickle and never has its soul-soothing tranquillity failed to work its wonder on me. (Jet trails and asphalt highways have destroyed much of Newfoundland's precious, bucolic heritage yet B.H. Tickle clings to its isolation and is often confused by the postal service with such well-known centres of population here as Leading Tickle and Piper's Hole.)

It was the merciless big-city grind that first drove me blindly into that G.D. Bay haven. For all its veneer of suave, swinging sophistication, St. John's can also be granite-hard on those who seek of life the kind, the gentle, the meaningful, the puerile. Early on that late-June day I'd had an argument with my hard-nosed city editor. He'd accused me of writing an article, in exchange for \$20 and a bottle of Johnnie Walker, favorable to a shopping mall developer who'd proposed erecting over the Mary Queen of Peace Cemetery. I'd, in turn, explained to him that he was a dirty Mick and where else had he got that new chesterfield suite if not in return for all those editorials promoting the second Papist lieutenantgovernor in succession...an unspeakable breach of custom here.

And so it was that I still spat teeth and blood, not much mollified by the few quick knees I'd been able to get in, as my motor car crested a hill and I suddenly came face to face with that gem of rustic serenity known as Bung Hole Tickle.

Wheeling gulls scribed peace on the blue vault and white terns fluttered and dipped in the ultramarine cup below. I stopped my car and strolled over to a low roadside knoll the better to take it all in. Also, as it had been a three-hour drive. to let it all out. Just then, from a dozen feet below, came a voice. It belonged to a sun-blessed, tow-headed child of ten or 12 years of age who sat on a rock playing intently with some toy or other in his lap.

"Arr, go fugg 'ee seff!" chirped the child in so pure an 18th-century Devonshire accent as it has ever been my

privilege to hear in Newfoundland.

"And good day to you, too, my little man," I replied. "Tell me, do I see a village fête in progress down there in what is presumably your natal seat?'

The child repeated his earlier greeting and added several other archaic endearments. I wished the little tyke likewise and set off down the narrow road towards a green near the beach where the villagers

had assembled in midsummer revelry. Snatching up my Nikon I skipped from my motor and approached the tableau. An elderly lady with indifferent dental work was being in some way honored. She reclined against a stout post while her neighbors laid tributes of kindling and dry

brush at her feet.

Just then a rock a little larger than a gannet's egg glanced off my left temple and as I heard my windshield go a moment later I had the grace to blush. What business had I, a big-city slicker, to intrude on these simple folk unannounced and uninvited? Shamed, I drove quickly back up the hill even as smoke commenced to rise from their festal fire.

Yet, in the weeks and months ahead, my thoughts turned again and again to Bung Hole Tickle especially whenever the big-city grind threatened to get me down or the malevolence of the city editor

weighed heavily upon me.

It was then I had the fortune to meet Professor Tory Archibald of the University, possibly the greatest authority on charm-ridden Atlantic villages we have.

From conversations with Dr. Archibald and with the great and good friends I made in Bung Hole Tickle as the strange bonds between it and me grew even stronger, a full picture of that spikier Brigadoon emerged.

"Bung hole, of course, from the orifice of a cask refers to the narrow entrance to that cove," explained Dr. Archibald, "whilst 'tickle," a shallow, tide-rippled passage between island and mainland would also apply here."

So far as is known, the first inhabitants, five brothers and a sister of the Sunks family of Poole, England, established the community in the mid-1700s. The records are sketchy. In some versions the Sunks emigrated hastily after charges of sheep-stealing had been levelled; in others, deportation followed on rumors of interference with said livestock.

At any rate, the six Sunks appeared to have lived, multiplied and perished peacefully and uneventfully for the next hundred years or so in the little community they had carved from the wilderness.



The first census of 1856 reports that 18 Sunks families and, inexplicably, three families named Boggs were domiciled in Bung Hole Tickle together with their goods, chattels, "manifold sheep of inferior quality and an lyttle black fellow captured off an American frigate?

"The genetic pool there has never been much larger than your average pudding basin," Dr. Archibald said, "but therein lies the charm of the place, don't you think?'

Not much else is recorded in the annals of Bung Hole Tickle until 1912 when a religious upheaval of sorts occurred. The little church is located on a bluff above the village so as to have a clear view of the Godsend Sunkers, a treacherous reef which has sent many a salvageable vessel to her doom.

In 1912, Bung Hole Tickle was under the pastoral charge of one Rev. Job Bales. When news of the Titanic disaster reached the village there were mutterings against Rev. Bales, and his theology was questioned. He later arrived in St. John's with both Achilles tendons cut and, after managing for some years a tattoo parlor on the seedier (if possible) end of Duckworth Street passed completely from the fabric of St. John's society.

"Arr, bye, me grandpap told me 'ee war droonk as per usual and fell agin' a brandy bottle," a village friend has told me. "Eee war no man of God. We had a puffitly good iceberg lyin' that same night not one mile off the Tickle yonder...so where war she if Bales had good connection with He?'

Days come, days go, winters change to spring and spring to what passes for summers yet Bung Hole Tickle changes not. The womenfolk sit and gossip by their cottage doors in all seasons; the menfolk mull over the situation in Afghanistan or San Salvador and tend their sheep; the young ones are scarce.

For in the early years of the Smallwood era some overly keen social worker convinced the menfolk that a vasectomy was part of the ritual connection with joining the Orange Lodge.

'A precious rustic backwater, no doubt about it," concludes the good Professor Archibald. "Still, we mustn't let Newfie chauvinism blind us here. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick boast as good or better — having the advantage of the Scottish and the French influences, don't you see.

Nonetheless, it's Bung Hole Tickle for

Ray Guy's column is unavailable. This one is reprinted from the April 1982 issue.

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